Ch. R.

MARCH 1930

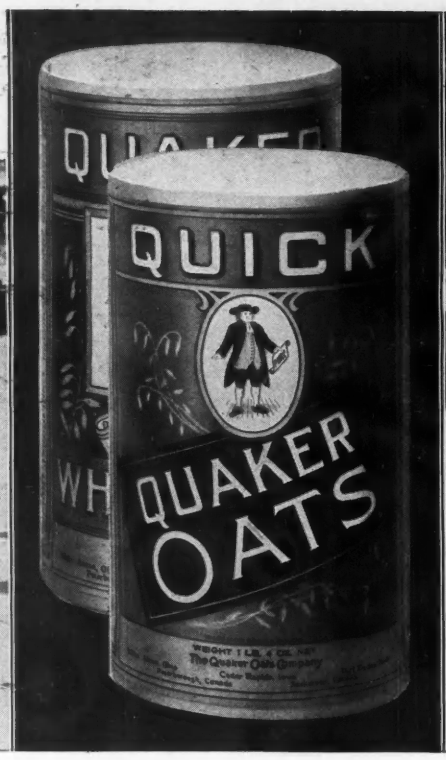
35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

Don't believe "there's no difference in oats"

Harry Shontz, John Wilson and Gerald Mather defend their side in a snow fight. These sturdy youngsters start each day right with Quaker Oats.



Millions recognize the superior flavor, the *richer nutrition* in Quaker Oats

School surveys show that "70% of the entire day's school work must be done in the morning." This breakfast provides lasting energy that protects against morning fatigue.

EVERY morning, throughout the school rooms of America, tense little bodies must accomplish—in the few short hours before noon—70% of the entire day's school work!

To fortify children against these morning demands . . . to provide lasting energy that "stands by," Quaker Oats is unsurpassed, say nutritionists.

The difference between Quaker Oats and ordinary oatmeal

For Quaker Oats is different from ordinary oatmeal. First there's that wonderful, luscious Quaker flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate. To get this flavor, Quaker roasts the choice whole oats in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. This gives Quaker that zestful, nut-like tang that wins children's appetites. And delicately pre-cooks the oats so that Quaker cooks deliciously done in just 2½ minutes from the time the water boils.

Most important of all, for the child's health, the Quaker milling process retains every bit of the vital part of the oat, where Nature stores her richest vitamins, her health-building minerals, her most precious proteins. Thus Quaker Oats is 16% protein. And protein is the "building" food which every living cell in the child's busy growing body is continually demanding for repair and upkeep. Quaker Oats contains 50% more of this protective food than white flour—twice as much as cornmeal!

Protect children's mornings with this energy breakfast

Don't fail to protect your child against the four hardest hours of the school day with this breakfast that gives lasting . . . sustaining energy all morning long. Your grocer has both the Regular and the Quick Quaker Oats that cooks faster than toast or coffee.

Always look for the Quaker figure and the Quaker name on the package, as illustrated above. They are your guarantee of the superior flavor and unsurpassed nutrition millions have learned to recognize in Quaker Oats.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Unsurpassed in nutrition qualities

1. *"Most nutritious* of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.
2. *Fastest* of all quick cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.
3. *Health qualities unsurpassed*—16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—more abundant vitamin B to protect health.
4. *Rich flavor.* Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Quaker Oats . . . *two kinds . . . at your grocer's*

"Skipped Another Grade? Isn't That Fine?"

"Miss Hall says all members of the *Junior Literary Guild* go ahead faster."

LAURA knows how glad I am to see her get ahead in school. Her eyes sparkled as I came in the door, she could hardly wait for our greeting kiss before she made the big announcement. *Skipped another grade!*

But I don't want her to go through school too fast, so I got in touch with Miss Hall, the principal of her school.

"Don't worry about that," she said. "Laura will be able to handle her new studies just as well as the old ones. She is a Junior Guild member."

I had always thought of the Junior Guild as a pastime, a pleasant recreation for my daughter. To hear it praised so highly by a school official opened my eyes. "Do you really think that the Junior Guild has so much to do with it?"

"Undoubtedly, Mr. Grant. We see it every day. The pupils who have those books and that little magazine coming to their homes every month are the leaders of all of their classes. Boys as well as girls.... It is to be expected, with Mr. Van Doren, Helen Ferris, Angelo Patri and Mrs. Roosevelt choosing the books! Certainly those children are *favored*. They acquire a general background of knowledge and a mental alertness that no school work would give them."

I carried this information home to Laura's mother. It was no surprise to her. "Just look them over," she said. "They aren't the same kind of books Laura used to bring home from the library at all. . . . I've actually read three of them myself—not to see what was in them, but because they aroused my interest. I dare *you* to start one. You'll finish it, I warn you."

That evening I looked over all of the Junior Guild selections carefully and learned a great many things.

Father Learns Something

The books themselves are all beautiful; tastefully bound, well printed, fully illustrated. They are durable, sturdy and—aside from the contents—educational. Besides what the text of the books teaches as it entertains, each volume is an example of a different form of art work, different printing problems and type faces. I want Laura to understand all of these things. Type is part of the history of our language and the making of books and pictures should be familiar processes to every cultured person.

I was very happy to learn that the subscription I gave her—almost like a toy—was an education as well as amusement.

THIS experience is typical of hundreds of cases among Junior Guild members. And in addition to all of the intrinsic merits of books, Editors, plan, etc., etc., there is the good news, the happy event, *that ever welcome fact of a huge economy*.

Send for the details. Send at once. Your own Laura and John—if between 8 and 16—wants and needs these fine books. It costs you nothing to learn how easily you can supply them. Comprehensive, explanatory literature will be mailed without any suggestion of obligation to you. Fill out the coupon and see for yourself how the Junior Guild plan fits snugly into your home. See how easily the convenient terms of payment of the small subscription fee fit easily into your monthly budget.

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Tell me all about the Junior Literary Guild and its money-saving plan. I assume no obligation.

Name.....

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City..... *State*.....

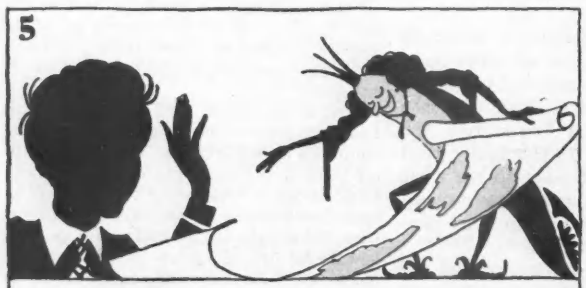
Master / Miss}..... *Age*.....

"Wonder what's up," mused good King Banana as he looked around the kitchen. "A boy ordered us, and was so excited I could hardly understand him. But somebody's coming."

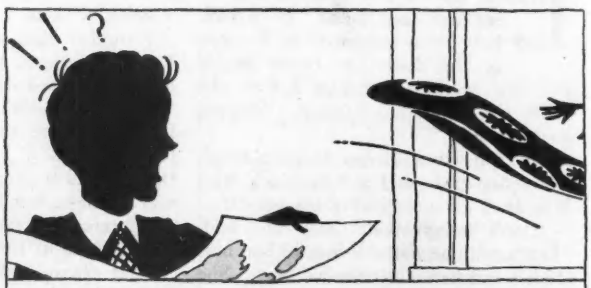
"Hello," panted the Boy. "'Fraid you weren't here. Today's my birthday, y'see, and the fellows are coming over. Mother's goin' to make banana ice cream. Then we're goin' to play games."

"Great!" the King interrupted. "Let's play *now*. Can you answer this? When's a banana *ripe*? Give up? It's when all the skin is *yellow*. If there's any *green*, let it ripen a few days."

"Say, I'm going to spring that on the fellows. When we go on hikes, we carry bananas. I'll *show* 'em! When you're tired, how good a banana tastes! Peps you up like a regular meal!"



"Right you are," answered the King. "If you want to run and jump, eat bananas. But say! I've got just the thing for your party. Its Good King Banana's Game. It's great. Play it."



The Boy stared at the funny figures. "Well," the King broke in. "I can see the party's going to be a lot of fun. So long." Before the Boy could thank him, he whisked himself away.

Wouldn't you like to have Good King Banana's Game? It's jolly as can be—for home, school or party. And when not being played, it will be nice for the wall of your room or schoolroom. Your name and address carefully printed on the coupon, together with a dime, will bring it to you. We'll also include a fine new book of banana recipes and menus for Mother.

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION C. L. 3-30
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Please send Good King Banana's Game, together with the recipe book for Mother, "Bananas in the Modern Manner." 10¢ is enclosed for mailing charges.

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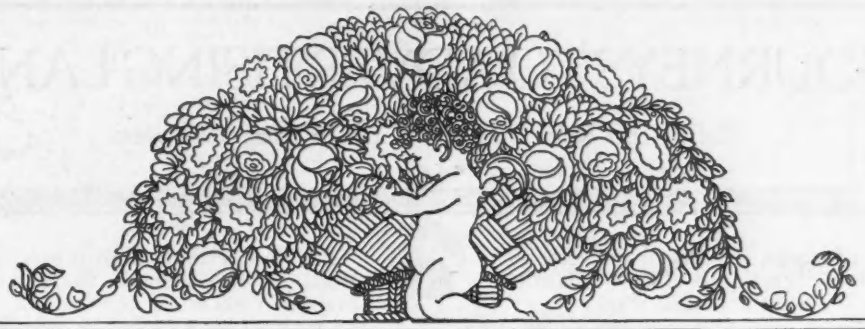

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JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert and Ruth Visit the Northern Pacific Wonders

"Bears and moose, and Indians and geysers—oh boy!" exclaimed Robert excitedly. "We'll see them all this trip!"

"I've always wanted to visit the Yellowstone, too," laughed Ruth. "In two nights and one and a half days we'll be there. And the Yellowstone Park Comet of the Northern Pacific is a dandy train to go there on."

Robert nodded and looked up expectantly, as his favorite Uncle Tom, who was traveling with them, came down the aisle of the train and tossed two notebooks into their laps.

"This is for the wonder contest," explained Uncle Tom. "You youngsters are going to see plenty of strange and interesting sights on this trip and the one who first jots each one down here—with the reason *why* it's included—wins a point. At the end of the trip I give out the prizes—first prize and booby prize!" And he smiled mysteriously.

Ruth laughed again. "We've been seeing interesting sights ever since we left the Union Station in Chicago this noon," she told him. "I'm going to start putting them down right away."

"So'm I!" said Robert enthusiastically.

"Number each wonder and then you'll see which thought of it first," suggested their uncle. And the game began.

From that time on the notebooks were always with them and were used a great deal. Robert put down the Mississippi River first and its scenic bluffs. But Ruth saw the first small boats on the river with their clam and pearl fishermen. And late that night when the train pulled into St. Paul, they both peeked out of the windows by their berths and saw the lighted Capitol, St. Anthony Falls (discovered in 1620), and the lighted flour mills that run day and night, the largest in the world.

"My, but this is pretty!" Ruth said when she was eating breakfast the next morning.

They were now among the lakes and forests of Western Minnesota and had just crossed the Red River of the North.

"It's the only United States river that flows north to Hudson Bay and drains there," said Uncle Tom. "We're headed now for the unfenced wheat fields of North Dakota."

But North Dakota on their wonder lists also stood for the Sioux Indian Reservation at Mandan (where an old Indian chief who fought against Custer danced for them), the cattle country by the little Missouri River where Theodore Roosevelt ranched as a young man, and the Bad Lands with their colored hills shaped like Indian heads and animals.

"Now we're in Montana and going up hill, and that's the Yellowstone River and here's where a lot of fights between soldiers and Indians took place," said Robert after they had left the Bad Lands. "Bet I see the first mountain."

However, it wasn't until sunset—which during these summer days came at half past nine at night—that the first mountain was sighted and Ruth saw it fifteen seconds before her brother did.

"Mountains everywhere to-day," she exclaimed the next day, as she entered the open sight-seeing coach and looked down at the foaming, roaring river and up at the rugged, snowy peaks around them. "Where do we go from here?"

"Through the Gardiner Gateway and into Yellowstone Park," Uncle Tom answered. "In the language of Al Jolson, 'You ain't seen nothin' yet!'"

"Just the same, I think Eagle Staff and Chief Old Bull and Elk, the seventy-year-old prize dancer of the Sioux, are the prize wonders of this trip," put in Robert, and Ruth nodded her assent.

At Gardiner big yellow coaches were waiting for them at the station and soon they had passed through the great stone Roosevelt Arch, and Ruth suddenly gave a squeal.

"The old, old eagle's nest you were telling us about, Uncle Tom!" she exclaimed. "And look, there are some baby eagles!"

Robert was the first to stop craning his neck to see the present inmates of the nest that was hundreds of years old and made the next discovery.

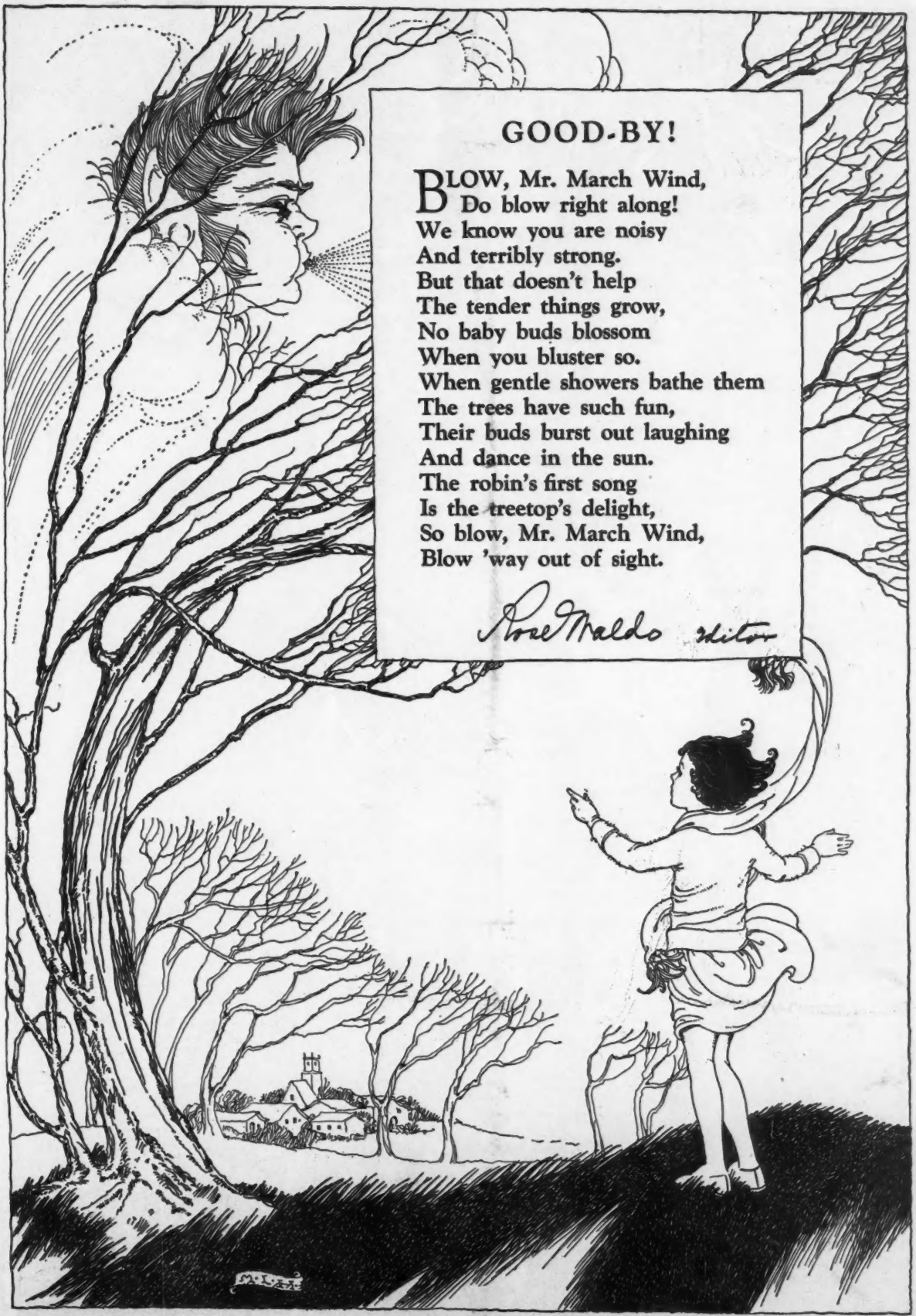
"What's that man with the fishing pole doing over by that steaming place?" he asked.

"Cooking his fish in a hot spring," Uncle Tom told him. "And that reminds me we'll soon be at Mammoth Hot Springs, our first stop."

"It seems queer somehow to have such nice civilized things as hotel

(Continued on page 132)

(Advertisement)

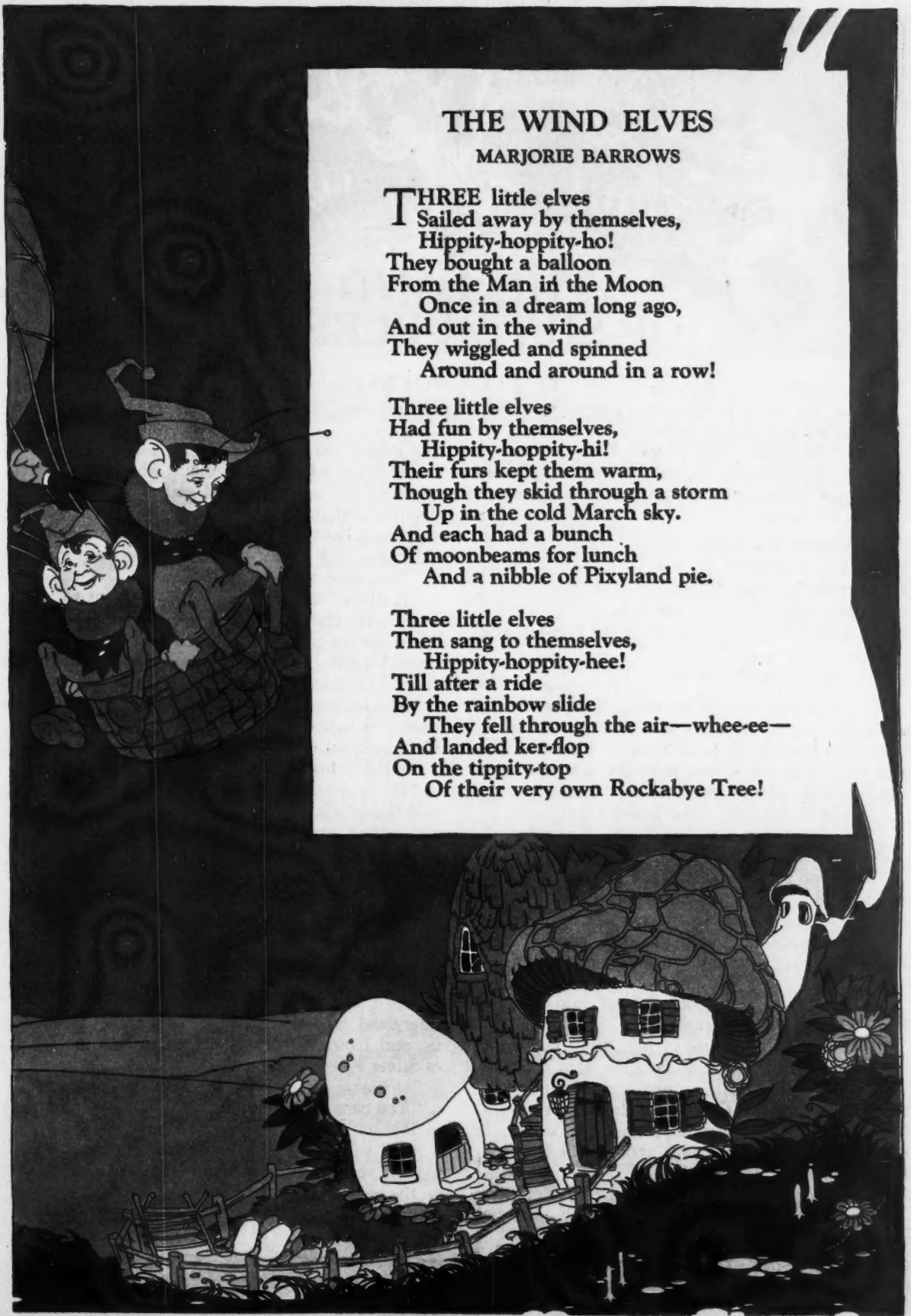


GOOD-BY!

BLOW, Mr. March Wind,
Do blow right along!
We know you are noisy
And terribly strong.
But that doesn't help
The tender things grow,
No baby buds blossom
When you bluster so.
When gentle showers bathe them
The trees have such fun,
Their buds burst out laughing
And dance in the sun.
The robin's first song
Is the treetop's delight,
So blow, Mr. March Wind,
Blow 'way out of sight.

Rose Maldo Editor

KEITH
WARD



THE WIND ELVES

MARJORIE BARROWS

THREE little elves
Sailed away by themselves,
Hippity-hoppity-ho!
They bought a balloon
From the Man in the Moon
Once in a dream long ago,
And out in the wind
They wiggled and spinned
Around and around in a row!

Three little elves
Had fun by themselves,
Hippity-hoppity-hi!
Their furs kept them warm,
Though they skid through a storm
Up in the cold March sky.
And each had a bunch
Of moonbeams for lunch
And a nibble of Pixyland pie.

Three little elves
Then sang to themselves,
Hippity-hoppity-hee!
Till after a ride
By the rainbow slide
They fell through the air—whee-ee—
And landed ker-flop
On the tippity-top
Of their very own Rockabye Tree!

THE LAND-OF-SILVER-FLEECE

By ELLA YOUNG

Author of "Celtic Wonder Tales," "Celtic Mythology," "The Wonder Smith and His Son," "The Tangle-Coated Horse," etc.

BALLOR'S Son and Flame of Joy sat side by side in a mossy hollow of the Wood of the Pomegranite Trees. Ballor's Son was panting a little because he had run so quickly down the flagged path in the garden and he had said so quickly the magic words:

"Come, playfellow mine,
Come, Flame of Joy,
Come from the Apple Wood.
Come from between the Silver Oaks,
Come from between the boughs of the Pomegranite Trees,
Come, come, playfellow mine."

And he had come so quickly through the wall that shuts out the sky at the end of Ballor's pleasance that he was a little out of breath. Flame of Joy had bent down a pomegranite branch and was examining the scarlet blossoms.

"I've been thinking," said Ballor's Son.

"You always are, and it's trouble for nothing," said Flame of Joy.

"You don't suppose I want to think," said Ballor's Son. "I think because I have to; I think because I have a weight of anxiety on my mind."

"If you want any kind of good advice," said Flame of Joy, "you must ask the Pooka for it, this time."

"I don't want any good advice," said Ballor's Son. "I know what I want."

"I'll wager," said Flame of Joy, "that you want something you can't get, but tell me what it is."

"Well, it's like this: no one but myself knows that I come into the Country of the Ever-Young—I mean no one in my country knows it, and so I have no one I can talk with about what happens to me while I'm here!"

"What does that matter?" asked Flame of Joy.

"It matters a lot. I want to talk with someone just to know for certain that I haven't dreamed this Wood of the Pomegranites and you and the Pooka and Angus."

"It is more likely that Angus, who is the master of every craft, has dreamed you and the Lords in Waiting and Ballor himself!" said Flame of Joy.

"Angus has the Pooka with him to keep him from dreaming, and I want to have a djinn with me."

"You want a —— what?"

"A djinn," said Ballor's Son. "I want to bring Eblis. He can make himself quite small, and he never speaks unless I speak to him first, and the Second Lord in Waiting says that he has been trained in court usage, and he never wrecks things or yells unless he is angry or unduly excited, and every one says that when he is in his usual shape he is the greatest djinn in the kingdom."

"What is his usual shape?" asked Flame of Joy.

"He is a marvelous being in his usual shape," said Ballor's Son. "His bulk blots out the sky like a mountain, and his wings are tougher than oxhide. He can blow fire out of his mouth and he lets me ride on his shoulder and flies high up in the air till I can see a hundred mountain tops and desert valleys. He is a power and a menace, the First Lord says."

"I thought that you had some sense," lamented Flame of Joy, "and indeed I told the Pooka that you had, and he coaxed two of the white horses of Faeryland into the Wood of the Apple Trees for us, and I meant to take you riding into the Land of Silver Fleece."

"O Flame of Joy, you will take me—you will!"

"You care about nothing but djinns," said Flame of Joy.

"But why can't we take Eblis? He could make himself very, very, very small—small enough to sit on the palm of my hand; and besides you never saw a djinn, Flame of Joy."

"I don't care if I never do," said Flame of Joy.

"But he can make himself into a storm-cloud and spread over the sky, and I would ask him to let you sit on his shoulder, and he can dive down great abysses of the air—and he wants to come."

"What!" cried Flame of Joy. "Did you tell him about the country of the Ever-Young?"

"No. I only said that a great surprise might happen to him some day and he would see something strange!"

"And what did he say?"

"He said that he was a thousand years old and had seen everything worth seeing: and unless I surprised the whole court by my good conduct nothing would surprise him."

"We'll take him with us," said Flame of Joy.

"O, Flame of Joy!" said Ballor's Son. "How glad I am! It's going to be a very, very happy day!"

"You'd better capture your djinn first of all, get him into his smallest shape and bring him here."

"O yes," said Ballor's Son, "I'll bring him; you won't have long to wait for us, Flame of Joy."

When Ballor's Son came into the Wood of the Pomegranites again the djinn was perched on his shoulder, small and harmless looking except for the fiery gleam in his eyes. If it hadn't been for his horns and his leathern wings and the long curved talons in his claw-like hands and his hoofy feet he might have been a small monkey or a large bat. He was black all over with a velvet-like blackness.

Flame of Joy regarded him doubtfully.

"Can he keep a secret?" he asked. "It's a responsibility to bring him."

"He can keep a secret for ever and ever," said Ballor's Son, "and he knows it's a responsibility, like what the First Lord says it is to bring me anywhere—a responsibility and an education."

"Well," said Flame of Joy, "I hope he won't frighten the horses."

The horses did not seem to mind him and soon they were picking their way through the Apple Wood among trees that climbed the crest of a hill. When they came to the top, Ballor's Son could see nothing but mist curling and writhing below them like smoke blown by the wind.

"Now," said Flame of Joy, "shut your eyes and take a good grip of your horse's mane."

Ballor's Son took a good grip, and Flame of Joy cried out:

"Land of Silver Fleece,
Silver Cloud Land,
Welcome us,
Welcome us,
Welcome the white, long-maned horses."

Ballor's Son felt his horse leap clear of the ridge, he felt the swirling mist against his face, he felt emptiness below him, but he kept his eyes close shut and presently they were galloping smoothly.

"My thousand blessings on the beautiful honey-sweet plain," cried Flame of Joy. "Open your eyes!"

Ballor's Son looked about him; everywhere there was space and radiance stretching to infinitude. The sky was of a pale silver color and the sun was a disc of silvery rose aureoled with nine rainbows, ring on ring. The long low meadows where they galloped had many-colored blossoms gossamer-light; they floated away from their stems, they broke in starry scintillations in the wind of the galloping. Ballor's Son reached a hand to blossom after blossom, but bubble-frail, bubble-light, they eluded him.

"I want one," he cried. "O Flame of Joy, I want one!"

"Let that djinn of yours get it, and follow us," said Flame of Joy, and he began to sing:

"O follow, follow
Through height and hollow,
Follow, follow us.
White Lord of Brightness, the Sun,
Laugh till our riding is done.
Laugh, height and hollow,
Laugh, wind, and follow,
Follow us."

"Eblis," said Ballor's Son, "get me one lasting blossom—a big one."

"Get one," said Flame of Joy.

"White Lord of Brightness, the Sun,
Laugh till our riding is done.
Laugh, wind, and follow,
Laugh."

"Oh!" cried Ballor's Son. "What is that?"

A scimiter of flame showed on the horizon, a slender blood-red curve globing itself moment by moment.

"It is the moon," said Flame of Joy, "our Persian poet's 'Lotus of the Dusk'."

Eblis saw it, too, and with a shout that echoed to the horizon he flung himself on the rose-red wonder-blossoming moon. His bulk blotted the sky, he was fierce as a thunder storm, his strength was unthinkable, but the moon slipped through his talons, rose-red, serene, slowly-climbing. Eblis thrust himself into the air. He towered above the moon. He descended swiftly upon it as a hawk upon a dove. He struck and clutched at it with all his weight but the moon slipped from him and he fell headlong. He struck the earth with a mighty thud—and went through it!

"My grief, my utter destruction, my hundred thousand misfortunes," cried Flame of Joy.

"Eblis! Eblis!" wailed Ballor's Son. "What will I ever do without you? What will I say to my father? What has happened to him?"

"He has fallen through into the Civilized World," said Flame of Joy.

"Can't we get him out? Can't we climb down after him? Can't we—"

"We can't. No one can go into the Civilized World without strong protection; and to rescue anyone from it is to undertake one of the nine sorrowful and thankless labors."

"O, I want Eblis—I want him—I want him!"

"He brought it on himself," said Flame of Joy.

"It wasn't his fault. Eblis never saw a moon before; how was he to know it wasn't like the other blossoms? O, O, there's neither sun nor moon at home in Ballor's country! O, I wish I'd never seen the sun and moon in the country of the Ever-Young! O Eblis! Eblis!"

"If you'd stop howling," said Flame of Joy, "I might think of something!"

Ballor's Son shut his mouth tight and wiped as many tears as he could out of his eyes; but in spite of him drop after drop trickled down his face. Flame of Joy went to the edge of the chasm that the djinn had torn in falling through the Land of Silver Fleece. He looked down cautiously and saw nothing but murkiness, depth upon depth. He tried to imagine a rescue, but the abyss below him drew down his thoughts, oozily engulfing them.

"We must seek the help of Angus," he said, turning away. "That is our only chance."

It was a sorrowful journey back across the blossomed plain and among the apple trees of the ridge of the Country of Ever-Young. They loosed their horses in the Wood of Apple Trees, and went on foot seeking Angus. The first person that they met was the Pooka. He was a milk-white stag with branching horns of gold, and he was admiring himself in a pool. He raised his eyes as they approached and regarded them with languid curiosity.

"What brings you hither, Ballor's Son," he asked, "with such a tear-blotched face?"

Ballor's Son kept his mouth shut tight and looked dumbly to Flame of Joy—the thinker!

"Pooka," said Flame of Joy, "we have to rescue someone from the Civilized World."

"I wish you joy of the task," said the Pooka.

"But, Pooka," said Flame of Joy, "you must help us; you must intercede with Angus for help. We can't manage the rescue alone."

"First, tell me," said the Pooka, "who was fool enough to get entangled in the Civilized World?"

"It was Eblis," cried Ballor's Son. "It was just Eblis, the greatest of all the djinns—and perhaps he's dead now; and it's my fault!"

"A djinn!" said the Pooka. "What is a djinn?"

But Ballor's Son was sobbing too thickly to speak, and it was Flame of Joy who told the story and made plain to the Pooka all the happenings of that luckless adventure.

"I might be able to rescue your djinn all by myself," said the Pooka. "He has not been long in the Civilized World?"

"He has not," said Flame of Joy. "We hurried here as fast as we could."

"O, Pooka," cried Ballor's Son, "rescue him, rescue him quickly. I can't go home without him. O, Eblis, Eblis!"

"Calm yourself," said the Pooka. "Sit on that big mossy stone yonder and count the ripples in the pool between the water-lily buds. I'll be back before you have made an end of counting."

The Pooka was gone in a flash and back in a flash, but when he came back he did not look like a milk-white stag. He looked like a little brown burro, and he had a sack across his back. Something moved and struggled in the sack.

"Here's your djinn," said the Pooka.

"Eblis!" yelled Ballor's Son, running up and patting the sack with both hands. "Eblis, are you alive?"

"Of course, he's alive," said the Pooka. "I caught him all by myself without any help from Angus."

"Let me see him," cried Ballor's Son. "Let me see only the corner of his ear."

"No," said the Pooka, "not even one hair of him. He stays in this sack till you set foot in your own country."

"Let us go there at once," said Ballor's Son. "O, Flame of Joy, let us go there!"

"Flame of Joy doesn't need to go," said the Pooka. "He can stay here, and I'll take you and your djinn to Ballor's Country. Leap on my back, astride behind the sack, and be quick about it!"

Ballor's Son did not wait for a second bidding. In a trice he was astride of the little burro, and the next minute that little burro was leaping and capering and turning somersaults in the air. Ballor's Son never knew how it was that he did not fall off, for the burro curvetted and somersaulted and bucked and stood on his head till Ballor's Son could hardly draw breath. All at once he came down stiffly on every one of his four feet, and Ballor's Son saw that they were in the palace garden. They were in Ballor's pleasance and the wall behind them was shutting off the sky.

The Pooka shook himself from head to tail. He shook Ballor's Son to the ground. The sack opened and Eblis in his smallest shape fell out. He looked like a small monkey or a large bat. Ballor's Son hugged him, kissing his ears and muttering, "Eblis, my own furry djinn!"

"Good-by," said the Pooka. "Good luck be on the day that I see you again, and on the day on which I do not see you."

"Good-by," said Ballor's Son, still hugging the djinn. "Good-by Pooka, and thank you, thank you, thank you."

The Pooka turned three somersaults and leaped backward over the wall that shut out the sky.

THE STORY OF FRENCH-CANADIAN MUSIC

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecturer-Recitalist, Ex-President of the Society of American Musicians. Late of Piano Faculty, American Conservatory, Chicago, and now Professor of Musical Art and Aesthetics at Scripps College, Claremont, California.

THE pleasantest way to learn the story of a country and its people is to sing its folk songs and learn to know and dance its folk dances. Music is a looking-glass made of sound. It reflects the tears and trials, the work and smiles of the people who made and loved it. If the boys and girls of the United States and Canada who read this could only gather about my piano while I played some folk songs, I feel sure they would become friends with every race and nationality from China around to Alaska, from Iceland to Madagascar.

The greatest thoughts and deeds of every tribe and nation are preserved in its music for us to learn and love; and, just between you and me, children, there are not nearly as many grown-ups as there should be who know that music and art tell the truest story of a people that ever was written. How I wish you children of America might be taught the wonderful story of the world through the message of these musical mirrors—the songs and dances of all peoples in all ages! Some day, when education has grown up, this very thing will be done. (A few of us are endeavoring to do it right now.)

Let us try the idea by learning something of the old songs of the French-Canadians.

What European people sailed across the Atlantic and westward up the broad St. Lawrence River and made their homes in what is now the Canadian Province of Quebec? When did they come? What was their disposition, sunny or sad? What language did they speak and what religion was theirs? Part of the answers to these questions you will find in listening to their chief song of love for their North American homeland. This song is called "Vive la Canadienne," and the melody, much older as it was once sung, than are we as a nation, is known as "Par derrier chez mon père."

"Vive la Canadienne,
Volo, mon coeur, volo,
Vive la Canadienne
Et ses jolis, yeux, doux . . ."

"Pledge the Canadian maiden!
Soar, my heart, oh soar on!
Pledge the Canadian maiden,
And her sweet eyes that glow!"

Now, besides enjoying this as a good song, you know that the people whose song it is, came originally from old France, and you will

*(Canadian Folk Songs, by J. Murray Gibbon, Dutton & Co., 1927.)

understand why they called the lovely Canadian Province of Quebec in which they settled "New France." If you will read the translations of their songs, you will know that these French colonists were naturally happy-hearted, and were lovers of beauty.

The tune itself does not sound like any French song of to-day, nor like those of the past two or three centuries, so we know it is truly a very old tune, and was brought over the Atlantic hundreds of years ago by these French settlers whose new homeland was called by the Indians "Quebec." Yes, the Red Man was there before the French. The Indian and his short rhythmical songs were over all our continent long before Leif Ericsson or Columbus landed on our shores. Yes, and remember the French colonized Quebec in 1608, thirteen years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

The earliest and most attractive roads over this old earth were, and are still, its water roads or ocean, lake and river. Most of them have been made famous in storied song composed and sung by the voyagers who traveled these water routes. You all know the song of the Russian boatmen on the mighty Volga, the beautiful tone-poem for orchestra picturing the Bohemian "Moldau," and the "Beautiful (but not truly 'blue') Danube." The Rhine, the Thames, the Nile and the Ganges—each is pictured and preserved in memory through music that seems to belong to it.

Now how has the great waterway that has been called the "crowning glory of Canada," the Saint Lawrence River, been preserved and made famous in song and story? Why, through the grateful melodies and barcarolles of the French-Canadian boatmen, and through the dance tunes and ballads of the trappers and woodsmen. Later on came the songs of the "Habitants," as the French-Canadian farm and village dwellers are called. They, too, tell stories both sad and gay. The Canadian poet, William Henry Drummond, is famous for his word-pictures of the lives of the voyagers, and of the simple "habitants."

Here is a bit from his poem "The Voyageur":

"Dere's somet'ing
stirrin' my blood
to-night,
On de night of de
young new year.
W'ile de camp is warm and de fire is
bright,

. . . . . .

(And) out on de reever de nort win'
blow,
Down on de valley is pile de snow,
But w'at do we care so long we know
We're safe on de log cabane?"

We all show our best selves when we sing and play, and in this quality the French-Canadian boatmen and country folk are no exception. No people love to sing, play and dance more than dwellers in new France along the majestic St. Lawrence. From boyhood, their men have sung in church choirs, and their girls have had their music in home and convent school. They are among the merriest and most sociable of peoples. In winter camp, in long canoe voyages and in every home, singing and dancing (which is first cousin to singing) are a very real part of their life.

As they paddle their birch-bark canoes they sing these rhythmic and sparkling songs, some of which are so old that the troubadours of medieval France knew them. Isn't

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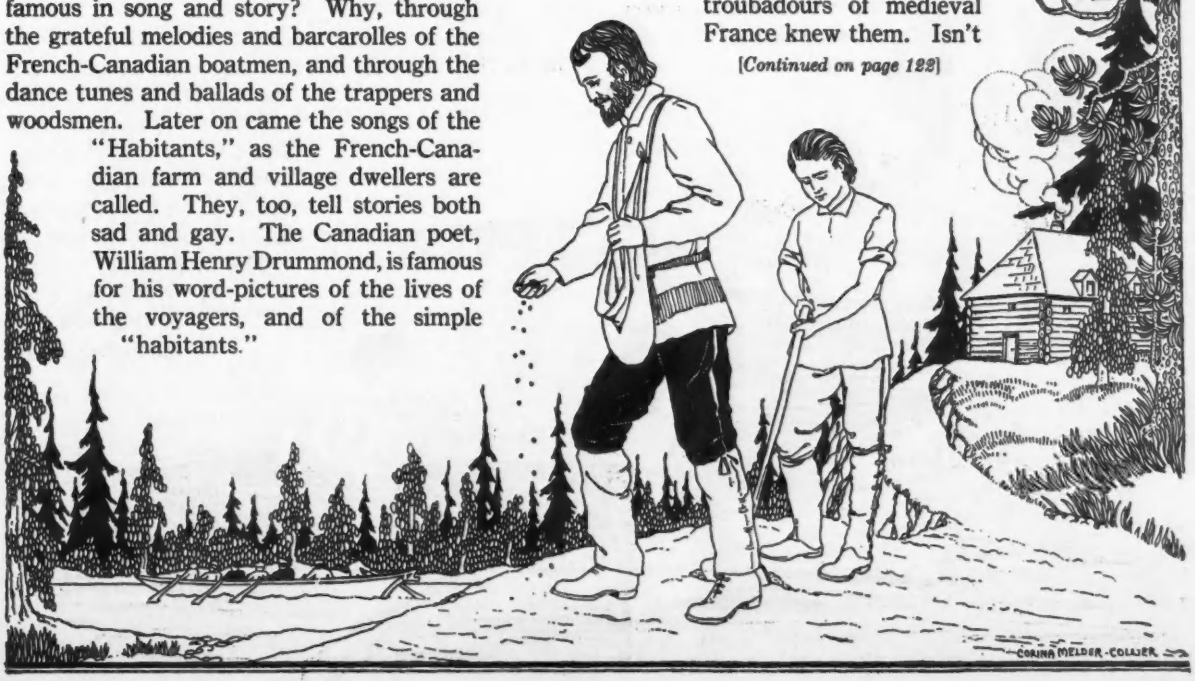
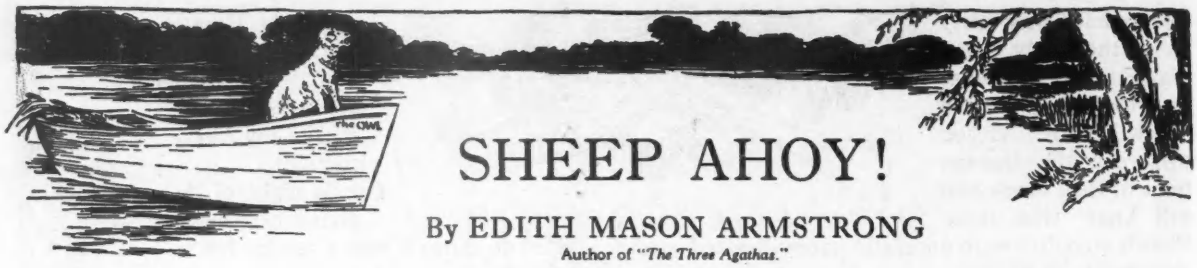




SHEEP AHOY!

By EDITH MASON ARMSTRONG

Author of "*The Three Agathas.*"

LONNY said that he didn't see how they could play Robinson Crusoe unless they had a goat.

But Edie was determined. "Una will make a fine goat," she said. Una was the pet lamb she had been given for a birthday present. "And you can be Crusoe, if you like!"

Lonny brightened. "And you can be Man Friday," he returned graciously. "But what can we do for an island to be cast away on? We have to cross deep water to row to the real island." He nodded his head in the direction of a small thickly-wooded elevation near the end of the lake just across from the Mason family's summer home.

"Let's!" said Edie. "We'll take the *Owl*, cause it's a flat-bottomed boat and they're the safest."

"Ye-es!" replied the little boy, still dubious. "But you'll have to row!"

His sister assented eagerly. "Just think, Lon, of all the cat-tails we'll find! Come on, quick. There's Una now, down by the pier!"

But Lonny had one more objection.

"Robinson Crusoe always had lots to eat!"

His sister was struck by the idea. "Let's go and ask Maria for a picnic lunch. Mother's taking a nap and everybody else is up at the tennis courts." She led the way to the kitchen.

The cook was busy making crab apple jelly but with a little coaxing was persuaded to put up a tempting lunch of jelly sandwiches and chocolate cake. Delighted, the children went on their way down the path which led around the house toward the lake.

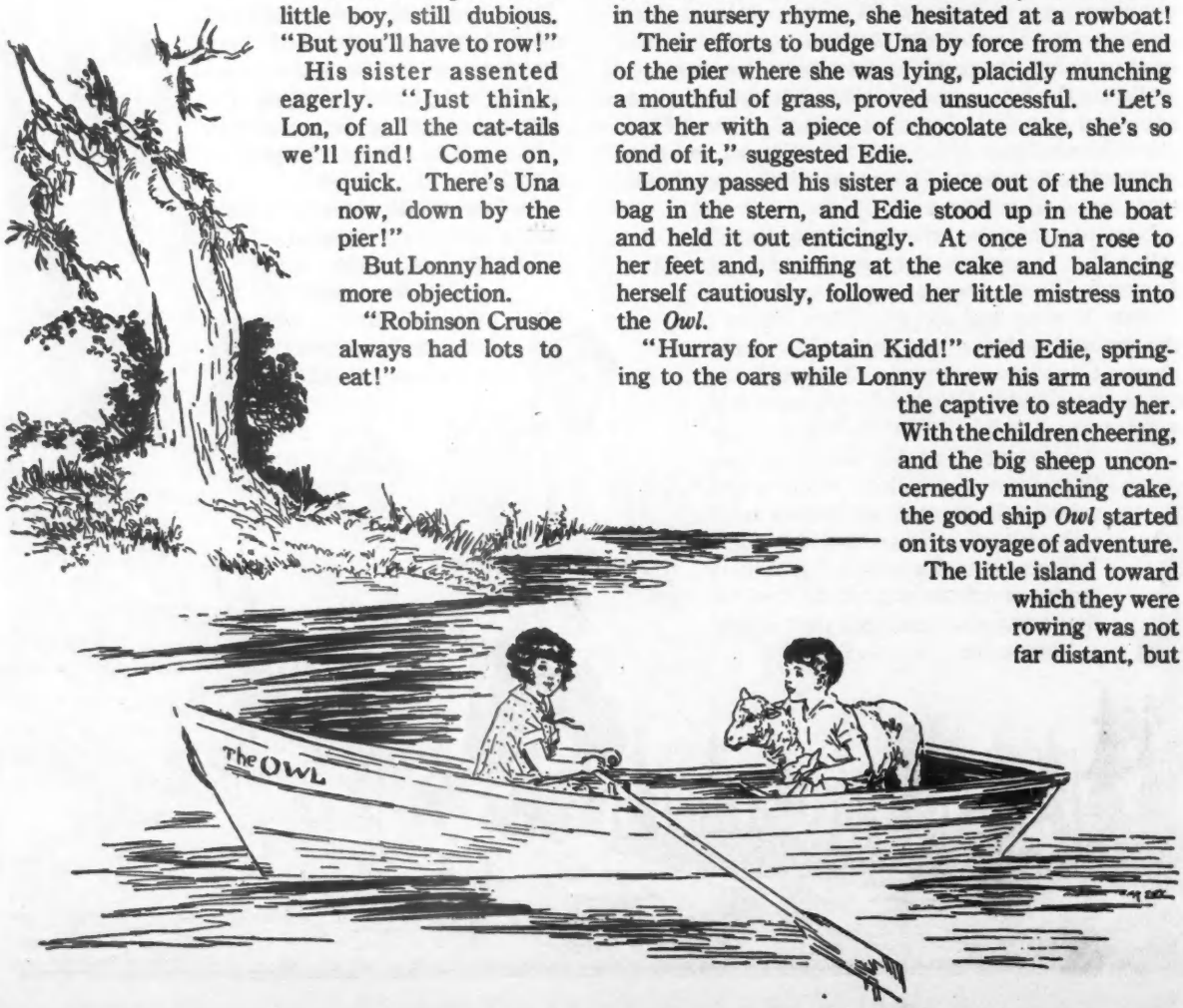
The main difficulty of the expedition was not so much to get down to the pier and to untie the row-boat as to get Una into it. With the passing of the summer Edie's pet had grown to be a heavy sheep. She was also dreadfully spoiled and although she followed Edie almost as faithfully as the lamb in the nursery rhyme, she hesitated at a rowboat!

Their efforts to budge Una by force from the end of the pier where she was lying, placidly munching a mouthful of grass, proved unsuccessful. "Let's coax her with a piece of chocolate cake, she's so fond of it," suggested Edie.

Lonny passed his sister a piece out of the lunch bag in the stern, and Edie stood up in the boat and held it out enticingly. At once Una rose to her feet and, sniffing at the cake and balancing herself cautiously, followed her little mistress into the *Owl*.

"Hurray for Captain Kidd!" cried Edie, springing to the oars while Lonny threw his arm around the captive to steady her. With the children cheering, and the big sheep unconcernedly munching cake, the good ship *Owl* started on its voyage of adventure.

The little island toward which they were rowing was not far distant, but



as Lonny said you had to cross deep water to get there. Always before one of the older children had gone with them. But the lake was calm and smooth this afternoon and Lonny and Edie had been taught to row, so it wasn't long before the blunt nose of the *Owl* grounded on the graveled beach.

Excitedly Robinson Crusoe, Man Friday and the "goat" jumped out, Una landing with her forefeet together, then hunching her hindquarters over the side.

"Isn't it too wonderful for words?" said Edie, her voice lowered as the utter quiet of the island on which no one lived came over her.

"Ye-es," returned Robinson Crusoe, looking dubiously at the woods on the bank above them and the stretch of lonely shore.

"Don't be scared, Lonny," urged his sister. "Nothing will hurt us. Come on, let's pick cat-tails. Look what lots of them there are!"

As she spoke she started down the beach, followed by Lonny. Around a bend they came upon the marsh where the tall green reeds grew in abundance. Joyously they began gathering great bunches. When they had an armful they returned to the boat and threw it on the floor in the stern. Una seemed interested, too, and nibbled inquisitively at the stalks they dropped.

Tiring of this occupation, Edie and Lonny decided to go wading in the shallow water. Their sneakers were quickly removed and they began splashing and paddling in and out among the rushes, chasing dragon flies and prodding in the mud for turtles.

The fact that they were hungry reminded them that the afternoon was slipping away and that they had not begun to explore the island to find a tree in which they could make a house, just as Robinson Crusoe did.

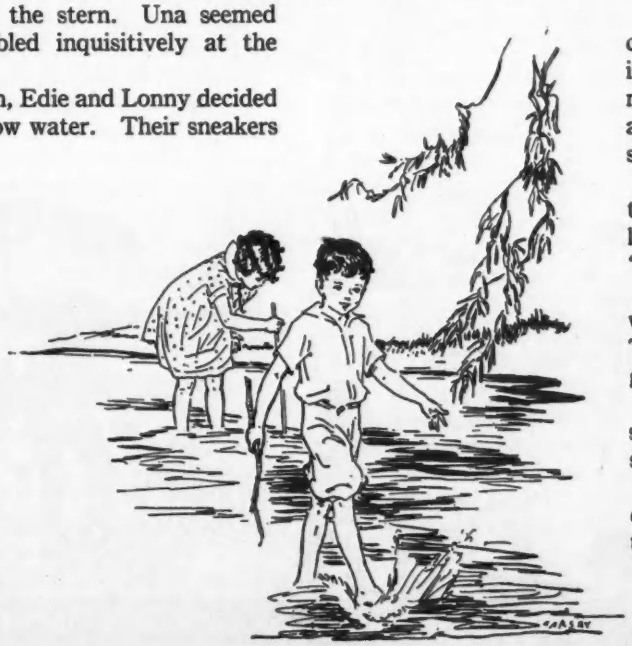
"Let's go back to the boat and get our lunch now," said Edie, and away they both went.

A surprise awaited them. As they rounded the bend in the beach they saw their boat, the *Owl*, all right enough, but could they believe their eyes? It had floated off shore! Worse than that, Una was standing in the stern with her head in the lunch bag! Cat-tails proving unappetizing, she had jumped back into the boat to see if she could find some more chocolate cake!

Instead of admiring her pet's unusual display of intelligence poor Man Friday, not to mention Robinson Crusoe, were overwhelmed.

"Oh, Una! Una!" they cried desolately. "Come back, come back!" But once adrift, the breeze seemed to take the boat faster and faster toward the middle of the lake, while the callous cause of the mishap, whose weight had started the *Owl*, unconcernedly tilted up the paper bag to get the last crumbs of cake in a manner which Edie, when safe at home, would have thought amusing.

With wails of despair the two young marooners threw themselves down on the beach and sat with their arms entwined, watching with tear-filled eyes the rowboat with its unusual passenger, fast receding in the distance.



Now indeed were they cast away on a "desert" island, and were beginning to know in earnest all the pangs of such a situation.

"If only she hadn't taken the lunch with her!" sobbed poor Lonny. "I'm so hungry, Edie!"

But his sister had no word of comfort to offer. The calamity seemed too great.

"What will Mother say? What will Mother say?" she lamented.

But Lonny was occupied with what he thought were graver considerations.

"What will we do if

[Continued on page 130]

SPANISH MAGIC

BY CAROLINE MABRY

RUTH and Will hung over the iron-railed balcony of the Spanish house Grandfather had rented in Granada. It was a white stucco house high on the mountain side, and the town lay far below it like a toy village. Between the house and the town were the gypsy caves, where the gypsies sang and danced in the evening. The balcony faced a snow-covered mountain—the highest in Spain.

Down the path from the lower slope of this mountain, Ruth and Will could see Jeronimo coming on his donkey.

"We must let him shine our shoes," Will said, starting down the stone stairs to greet the boy his own age, who stopped each morning on his way to the hotel near-by, where he polished the shoes of as many guests as would employ him.

Jeronimo did a thriving business, for the paths of Spain are dusty and strewn with pebbles. Shoes are always the worse for them.

Ruth followed Will down the stairs and sat with him on the bench at the shady side of the house, while Jeronimo tied his donkey to a fig tree, and brought forth his shoe-shining kit.

"Good day," he greeted them, proud of the English words he had learned at the hotel and eager for a new customer. "Shoe shine?"

Ruth nodded and placed her foot on the box. Jeronimo, singing as he worked, polished her shoes until they were as trim as those of a princess.

He had moved over to clean Will's sandals when, to the children's surprise, they heard someone walking on the stone floor in the second story of the house. Grandfather had gone to town that morning, and Manuelo, the Spanish maid who did their cooking, was back in the pasture milking the goat, which gave them all the milk they used.

"Who can that be?" Will asked, jumping up so quickly he almost upset the blacking box.

"Some one's in our house," Ruth whispered, peering cautiously around the corner to the doorway, which was open, but shaded by a canvas curtain.

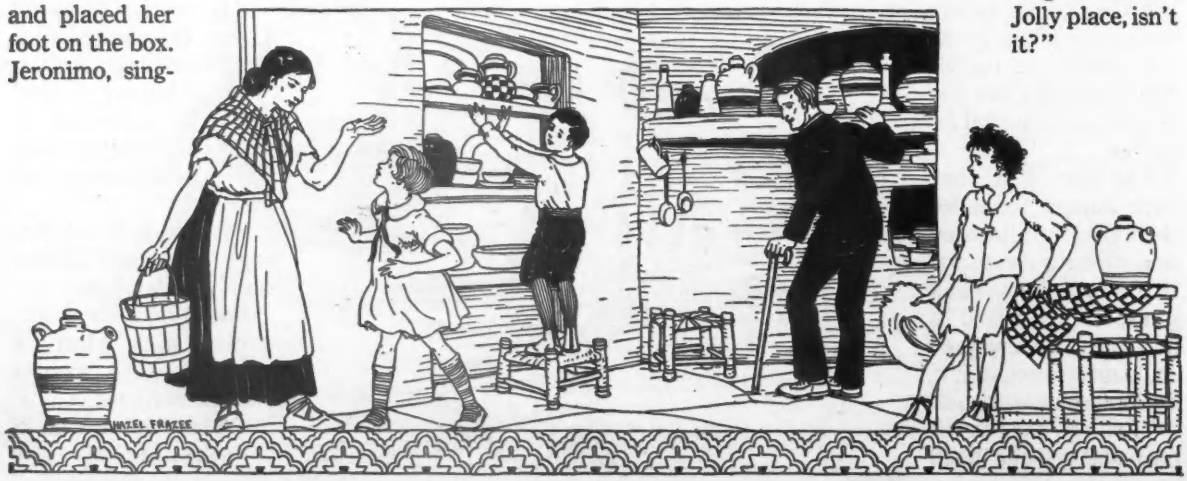
Will hurried up the stairs. In the door of his bedroom, he saw a tall man looking curiously about him.

"I say," Will began, marching up to him. "Aren't you making rather free with our house?"

The man smiled. "Sorry," he answered. "I pulled the bell rope and no one came, so I walked in, because you see, it used to be my house."

"But we live in it now," Ruth said, as she came up the stairs in time to hear the last sentence.

"Sorry," he said again, bowing to her. "I don't live here now, although I wish I did. I met your grandfather down in the town and he said I might come. Jolly place, isn't it?"



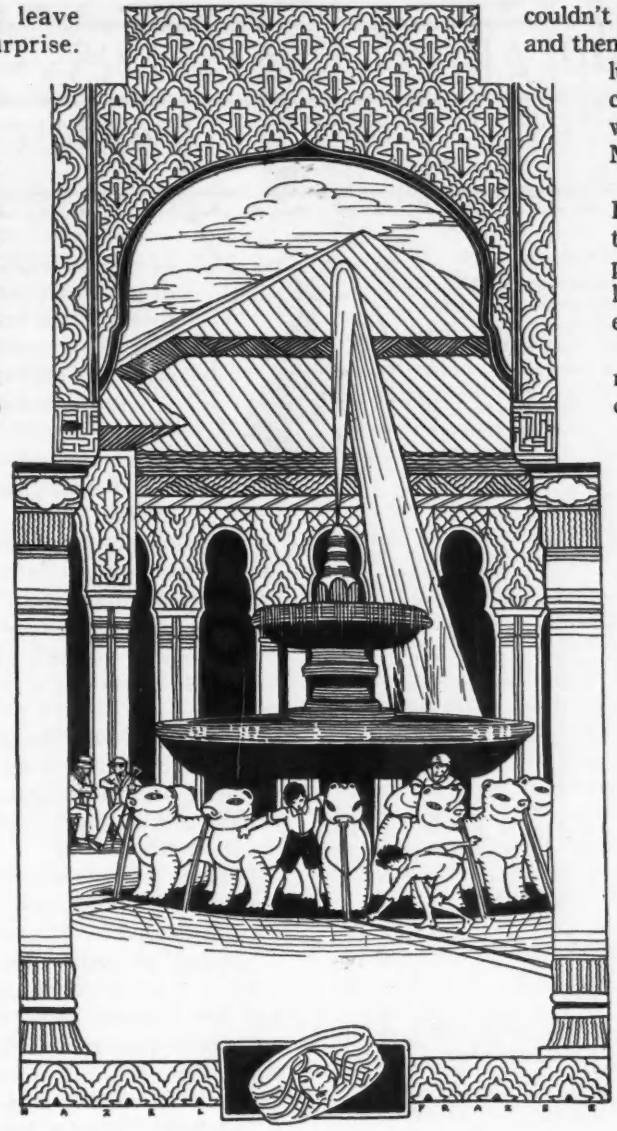
"Then why did you leave it?" asked Ruth in surprise.

"Business called me back to England," he said. "But I lived here just before you came, and while I was here I lost a ring that was my very luckiest token. At least I liked to pretend it was. I haven't had much luck since, so I came back to take one more look for the ring!"

"That's different," Will said. "Help yourself to looking. We'll help you. What kind of ring was it?"

"An old Spanish ring with a Moor's head inlaid in gold and silver. He wasn't much to look at—that Moor. A bit on the fierce and ugly side, I should say, but I always held to the notion that he brought me luck, as the magicians of old brought luck to the kings in the Alhambra palace, and I'd like to find him again."

"He should send you a sign of some kind, as they used to do in the palace," Ruth suggested, entering into the make-believe part of the game with as much enthusiasm as their self-invited guest.



The man sighed. "But he's an indifferent chappie, really—my Moor. He works magic when I wear him on my finger. If I don't bother to keep him, it's all the same to him. At any rate, after I lost him, I started back to England on business, and one thing after another has kept me away. But now I'm here again, and I'd like to find the ring."

"I see," Will said. "If you left the ring here, we must have a look around for it."

"I can't be sure, mind you. But here's where I first missed it. I'd been down at the Alhambra palace all afternoon, and never missed the ring until dinner that evening. Then all sorts of things began to happen that never had happened before. My glasses fell off in the soup plate and broke—spoiling both the soup and the glasses. The fire wouldn't burn in the fireplace. My watch stopped and couldn't be coaxed into running, and then I discovered I'd lost my lucky ring! I hunted, but couldn't find it. Do you wonder I want to have the Moor back on my finger?"

"Not in the least," said Ruth politely, thinking that a grown man who pretended so hard to believe in magic ought to be encouraged.

They searched in Will's room. They hunted in the corner cupboard, and in the nook over the fireplace. There was no ring.

They started to search downstairs. Manuelo returned with the bucket of goat's milk, and by signs and gestures, they explained to her that the gentleman had lost a valuable ring. Manuelo almost wept over his bad luck. She had cleaned every corner of the little house, but she had not seen his talisman.

In the hall, they met Jeronimo, who had left his shoe polish boxes open on the ground, and had come in to see what was happening in the house. He joined the search, but no one could find the ring. He was so sorry for the man, he offered to polish his shoes for nothing.

"I may as well have a shoe shine," the Englishman said, walking out the door, followed by Will and Ruth.

But when they reached the bench, they saw to their amazement that the goat has come down from the pasture and eaten all the shoe polish out of the boxes Jeronimo had left open. She had tried to eat the shining kit too, and had tossed it around on the stones until it was badly broken. And at the moment, she was placidly nibbling the brush bristles as if they were leaves of grass.

"My hat!" cried the Englishman, threatening her with his cane. "See what she's up to!" The goat dropped the brush, and tried to catch the end of his cane in her teeth. "She'll begin on this if we don't scare her off, and you children will have

[*Continued on page 121*]

THE ★ DISAPPEARANCE ★ OF ★ MISS ★ COLUMBIA

BY FRANCES CAVANAH

Author of "The Treasure of Belden Place," etc.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Sarah Sterling's father, a captain in the Union army at the end of 1861, comes home to his farm in Maryland to spend Christmas and to sell a tract of land; and this not only helps them out of their financial difficulties but enables them to give their slaves their freedom. For Christmas Sarah receives a china doll, which she names Miss Columbia because of its red, white, and blue dress. She has planned a Christmas for the pickaninnies, too; and when Conundrum, the small leader of the group—appropriately named, Captain Sterling says, because no one can ever guess what he is going to do next—has a whiff of the basket of goodies she has prepared for them, he turns from the funeral he is conducting for a dead chicken and follows her, the other little darkies trailing in his wake. Captain Sterling has saved out a sum from the sale of the land which he wishes his wife and daughter to have as a nest egg, in case there should be an invasion of the state; and Sarah hides the coins in the sawdust stuffing of her new doll. The following September the invaders come, and to Sarah's door comes Johnny Mercer, a buttermilk ranger, as the members of the Confederate cavalry are called, asking for buttermilk. He is a likeable young fellow who teases her much as an older brother would a small sister, and taking a liking to Teaser, Sarah's pup, he announces his intention of taking the dog along as a mascot for his regiment. Teaser, realizing himself in danger of capture, runs into the adjoining room where Miss Columbia lies in her cradle. When Johnny starts to follow, Sarah bars his way, and he apologizes and insists he was only teasing. Sarah is then called to the back door by a newly-arrived troop of Confederates asking for provisions, and the buttermilk ranger is left alone for a few minutes. After the soldiers have gone, Sarah finds that her doll has disappeared.

PART IV

"SHE'S gone, Mother. Miss Columbia's gone. That Johnny Mercer took her when I wasn't looking."

Mrs. Sterling was on the back porch, where Uncle Mose was telling her the details of the sale of grain and turning over to her the Confederate bills he had received in payment. She suppressed a gasp of dismay at the sight of Sarah's tear-stained cheeks.

"And I thought he was such a nice boy, Mother, even if he was a Johnny Reb, and he said he was only fooling, because he had a little sister about my age he liked to tease."

Sarah's sobs were the signal for every pickaninny on the place to gather around her and stare with wide, questioning eyes. Mammy Chloe waddled up from her cabin.

"What's de mattah wid ma' honey-chile?"

"That soldier took my doll, and Father had trusted—"

Sarah stopped. She had caught her mother's warning glance and knew that she was not to tell of the treasure Miss Columbia guarded. She remembered that from the beginning, her father had insisted upon secrecy.

Mammy's arms went round her. "Yo' jes' wait, honey-lam', till Ah catches dat sojer man. He's a-gwine to hav' ole Mammy Chloe to meet up wid."

Conundrum shifted from one black foot to the other and regarded his mother with a mixture of awe and wonder, recalling perhaps her unvarying method of dealing with the small offenders of her own household. "He was a grown-up man, mammy. Yo couldn't take no shingle to him."

"Ah'll do wors' dan take a shingle to him, chile. When Mammy Chloe catches dat sojer man, he'd sho bettah look out."

"I wouldn't want to be in that soldier's place; would you, children?" Mrs. Sterling laughed shakily. Ten pickaninnies answered, "No'm," and ten pairs of white eyeballs bulged out from ten dusky little faces. "Go to it, Mammy. Catch him, if you can. He'll deserve everything that's coming to him."

The crowd melted away, leaving Sarah sitting alone on the back steps. Even her faithful Conundrum

did not remain to comfort her. Only Teaser was there, and he stuck his cold little nose into her hand and crawled into her lap. He was quite an armful, but Sarah hugged him close.

"At least, he didn't take you, Teaser," she told him gratefully.

Perhaps the biggest part of Sarah's grief in the days that followed was that she had betrayed her father's trust. She knew they needed the money they had lost and she missed Miss Columbia sorely, for the china doll was the only white playmate that she had. But what troubled her even more was the thought of her father's disappointment and her own disappointment in the young soldier who had won her liking.

Within a week the Confederates beat a hasty retreat along the turnpike. The Federal troops had arrived in Frederick, and the whole countryside turned out to do them honor. Flags waved and the bands played for General McClellan who was their commander, and for a few hours she had other things to think of. She had other things to think of, too, in listening to the far-off rumbling of the guns when the Union and Confederate forces met at Sharpsburg, and in wondering which side the battle favored. Before the end of the month the invasion was over and the Confederates had retired into Virginia; and her thoughts returned again to Miss Columbia. Her mother tried to comfort her by telling her that what was done could not be helped, and Sarah took the hint that she was not to talk about their loss, lest they be suspected of concealing other treasure. But she did not forget.

The fright that had come to western Maryland in September, 1862, was repeated the following June. Another invasion threatened, and while the main army occupied the district around Chambersburg, detachments of the Confederate cavalry scouted Frederick and other counties to the eastward for forage and provisions. Farmers drove their cattle up into the valleys of Pennsylvania, and a story went the rounds that the free Negroes were to be taken south and sold again as slaves. Many families fled in freight cars to take refuge with friends in Baltimore, and there was a procession of carriages and wagons bearing household treasures along the turnpike every day. Often the refugees stopped for a drink of cool water at the spring and to warn the Sterlings that they, too, should leave before the invaders came. The pickaninnies always rolled their eyes with fright after one of these recitals, and it was always Sarah who reassured them.

"Don't you worry," she told Conundrum one day. "Mother and I are going to stay right here, and we're not going to let anybody carry you off and sell you as slaves again."

"But, Miss Sarah," Conundrum gulped. "Dey might not ask you-all nuthin' 'bout it."

"I'd hide you in the attic," Sarah declared bravely, "and you could pull the trap door up after you. Nobody would ever think of looking for you there. Besides, there haven't been any slaves down south since the first of January. Didn't Mr. Lincoln say so in his Proclamation?"

It was all very puzzling, for though the President had indeed made the slaves the New Year's gift of freedom, Sarah knew that the Union troops must be victorious before they could enjoy its privileges. Conundrum, though, seemed reassured and, finding a sunny spot in the grass, rolled over and went to sleep. Sarah whistled for Teaser, now grown old and dignified enough to mind the cattle, and then remembered that Uncle Mose had taken him along when he drove the stock up into their Pennsylvania haven. She thought of the scarf she was knitting for her father but it was in the parlor where Mother was taking a well-earned nap after a busy morning supplying the demands of a troop of Confederate cavalry. Mammy Chloe was busy in the kitchen, so Sarah—as was an almost unheard of thing in those busy days of 1863—was left with time on her hands and nothing to do with it.

A honey bee buzzed its droning song in her ear, then lighted on one of the rich red clovers growing in the yard. Feeling for her reticule, Sarah threaded a needle and gathered the clover blossoms and strung them in a necklace. That finished, she picked dandelions and split the stems for curls, until her own brown head was covered. She tripped over to the duck pond to view the effect in the rippling

mirror of the water, but was still unsatisfied.

If I only had some hoop skirts, I'd look real grown-up," she said.

And, as if in answer to her wish, her glance fell on a barrel hoop lying on the ground. She seated herself on the large rock by the pond, and with quick fingers rethreaded her needle to sew the hoop inside the hem of her muslin dress. It was with real pride that she looked down to see her pink skirt billowing out in all directions, like the hoop skirts Mother wore. Well, not exactly like them, she admitted, but still enough so to make her feel grown-up.

"Well, sister, I've come back for another glass of buttermilk."

She looked up with a start to see a sunburned soldier in a new gray uniform. A moment later she recognized Johnny Mercer.

"I've remembered it all this time, and when my captain sent me out to gather up some provisions, I just said to myself, "I reckon I'll get the supplies for the camp where I can find some buttermilk and doughnuts for Johnny Mercer at the same time."

Conundrum was awakened by the voice and recognized only a grayback—one, perhaps, who would take him south and sell him into slavery. There was a quick movement, and the little darky had disappeared under the porch, with only two black legs sticking out to betray his presence.

Sarah was too startled to answer, and in the moment of silence that passed between her and the soldier, she saw that one short year in the Confederate service had changed the carefree boy into a careworn man. He was just as jolly, though, as he had been on that momentous day when Miss Columbia disappeared—just as good-natured and just as likeable—but this time she did not respond to his raillery.

"Where's my doll?" she asked coldly.

"Your doll?" The young man seemed surprised. "How should I know?"

"Because you took her away with you last year." Sarah ignored his smile. "You took her when I wasn't looking."

Johnny Mercer threw back his head and laughed. He laughed so hard that he couldn't speak for several minutes; and the more he laughed the angrier Sarah grew. "Well, I've been accused of taking jam, and I've been accused of pulling my sister's braids, and I've been accused of being a rebel; but you're the first little girl who ever accused me of playing with doll babies."

His laughter was interrupted by the arrival of the ducks. There were three of them, the three which Sarah the year before, in her patriotic fervor, had named after the three departments of the government. The Senate, the House of Representatives and the Supreme Court, now grown old, waddled up to her, quacking for their supper.

Johnny Mercer looked at them in delight. "I know one detachment that's going to have roast duckling for supper. How much do you want for them?"

"They're not for sale."

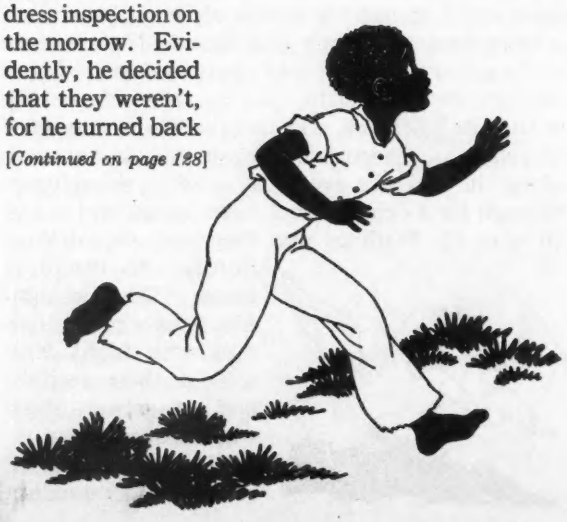
"Come now, don't give me the mitten. We're hungry men, sister, and we haven't had a taste of meat for several days."

Sarah tried to shoo the ducks away. The Senate and the House of Representatives took the hint and waddled off, but the Supreme Court stuck close beside her. Johnny Mercer tried to grasp the first two, as they passed, but they evaded him and led him a chase across the yard. Sarah had to laugh at the ridiculous figure he cut and, seating herself on the low bench by the kitchen door, she called the third duck to her. While it was nibbling the grain she scattered at her feet, she lifted her newly-created hoops, and when she let her skirts fall again, they formed a cage for him.

"Quack!" protested the duck, upon finding himself in a muslin prison.

Johnny Mercer had reached the duck pond by this time, but the Senate and the House of Representatives had reached there first. They took refuge in the center and, with their swimming, stirred up the clear water into a muddy pool. The young soldier looked down at his new uniform—a rare enough thing in the Confederate army—and wondered if they were worth a reprimand from his superior officer at dress inspection on the morrow. Evidently, he decided that they weren't, for he turned back

[*Continued on page 128*]



Healthy and merry in their story book world — the children of

MR. *and* MRS. P. A. B. WIDENER II

Protected by a modern care all mothers can give

Little P. A. B. Widener, III, and his sister Ella are the children of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. B. Widener of Elkins Park, Pennsylvania, of Newport and Santa Barbara— famous for their interest in sport and the breeding of race horses

A FIVE year old boy—with brown hair and melting brown eyes—dressed in a rose linen tunic blouse, and diminutive rose "pants." That's Peter A. B. Widener, III.

A baby, as exquisite and lovely as a French doll, living in a delectable peach and blue nursery. That's little sister Ella.

Charmed lives they lead—this little pair. Their parents' estate is a dream place. Palatial Italian house . . . far stretching lawns with clipped hedges and lovely vistas . . . jetting series of fountains . . . greenhouses . . . polo fields . . . kennels . . . race track.

With the children, health laws are scrupulously observed. A special point was emphasized early in their lives by famed child specialists. That was the habit of eating a *hot, cooked* cereal. And the cereal specified by the Wideners' physician and approved by the children's trained nurses was that universal favorite—Cream of Wheat.

"We follow the pediatrician's advice in giving both children Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. Widener. "Ella eats it twice a day, and Peter always has his hot cereal breakfast. Cream of Wheat has certainly played its part in the children's good health."

Thousands of other mothers believe this. Their judgment is reinforced by 221 members of leading medical societies in four great cities —Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Toronto. Recently *all* these noted specialists went on record as approving Cream of Wheat.

They value its rich energy content —its quick digestibility. Cream of Wheat is more easily digested than any other cereal in common use.

To give your children the best possible start for their day, give them a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 796,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. R-30
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

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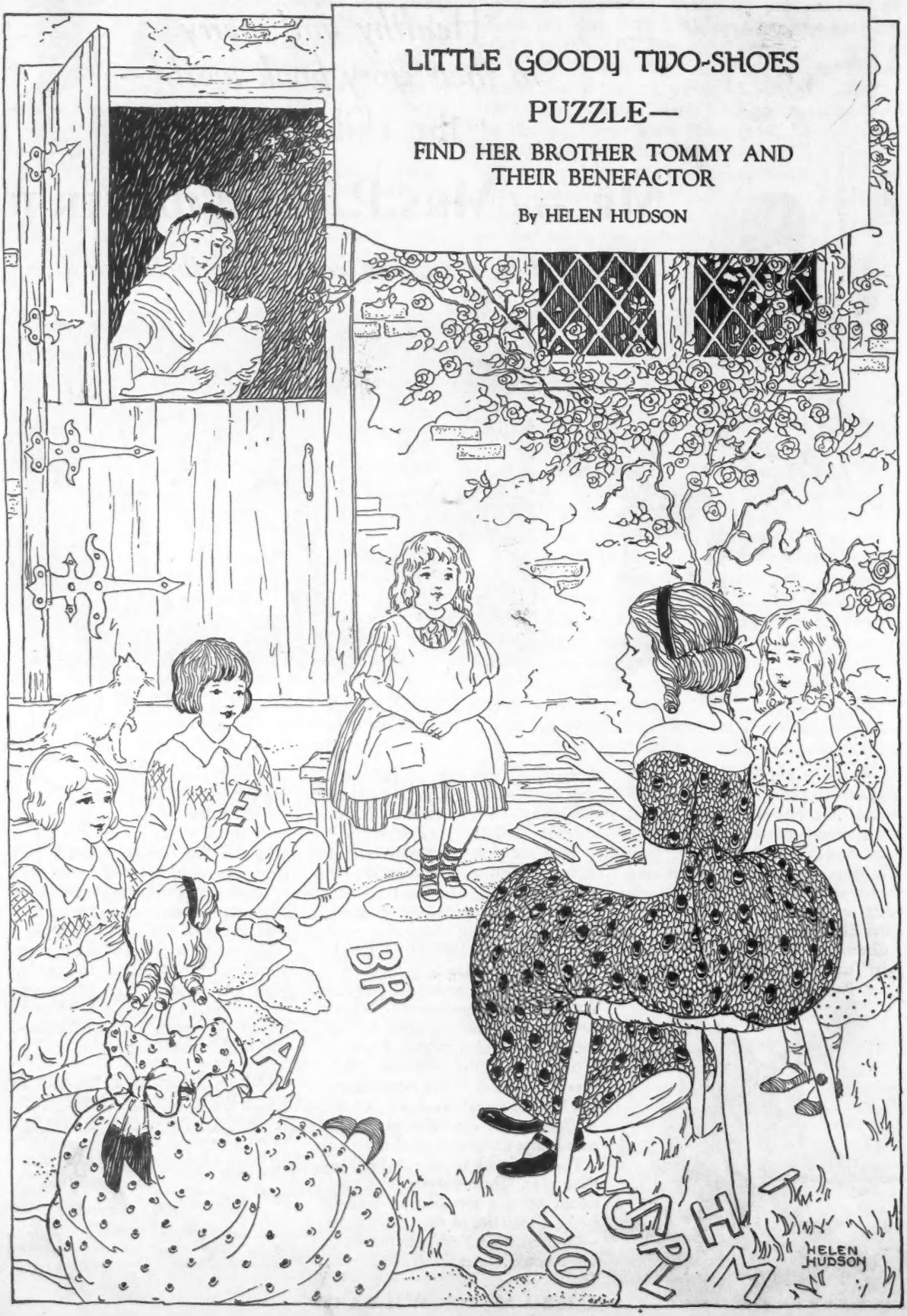
CREAM OF WHEAT

LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES PUZZLE—

FIND HER BROTHER TOMMY AND THEIR BENEFACTOR

By HELEN HUDSON



Motors humming . . . the Cracker Jack Air Corps takes off

Here's Your Chance to Get *the whole Cracker Jack Air Fleet* FREE!

BOYS! Are you interested in airplanes? Would you like to have an entire fleet of model planes all your own? Of course you would—and you'll surely want to become a member of the Cracker Jack Air Corps as soon as you possibly can.

We're going to give every one of you a chance to join . . . absolutely free. Then, we're going to give every fellow who wants to enlist, the opportunity of collecting the whole fleet of Cracker Jack planes—*guaranteed to fly*.

Here's what you have to do

All you need to do to join the Cracker Jack Air Corps is fill out the coupon below and send it to us with a two cent stamp. We'll send you your Wings of membership right away. When other fellows see them on your coat lapel, they'll know that you are a member of the Cracker Jack Air Corps.

Then, after you have your Wings, and have joined the Corps, you can win your first plane (a genuine Lone Eagle Scout) by simply making a collection of 15 different prizes from the packages of Cracker Jack you eat.

This collection must be made during the month of March and mailed to us before midnight of March 31st.

Instead of sending in the whole collection, just cut out the face of the Sailor Boy on each package of Cracker Jack, and write on the back the name of the prize that was in that package. As soon as we receive them we will send you your first plane with full instructions, absolutely free.

This genuine Lone Eagle Scout is one of the keenest little planes you ever saw. Wind up the propeller and it soars and swoops just like the big monoplane it was modeled after.

Get busy, fellows. Make your Cracker Jack collection in a hurry so you can have your first ship. You'll have 15 Cracker Jack prizes and Sailor Boys almost before you know it.

THE MORE YOU EAT THE MORE YOU WANT

A SURPRISE IN EVERY PACKAGE

You'll eat lots of Cracker Jack

There's one thing you know about Cracker Jack . . . "The more you eat, the more you want." Its wholesomeness makes sturdy arms and quick legs. And it is so light that it never spoils your appetite for dinner.

You'll have mother's and dad's help there because grown-ups go strong for Cracker Jack too.

In April we'll tell you how to win your second plane. The rules will be slightly different, but just about as easy. So fill out the coupon—send it in today. Your Wings will be sent immediately, and you will be officially registered as a member of the Cracker Jack Air Corps. Address letters to The Cracker Jack Air Corps, care of The Cracker Jack Co., Dept. C, Chicago, Illinois.

THE LONE EAGLE SCOUT

This snappy little model plane has a 20-inch non-breakable wing—5¼-inch aluminum propeller—shock absorbing landing gear—and makes dandy long flights. You'll have any amount of real sport with it.

The Cracker Jack Air Corps
The Cracker Jack Co.
Chicago, Illinois

I'd like to join the Cracker Jack Air Corps and start winning the whole Cracker Jack Fleet. Will you please send me my membership Wings? C.L.-1

Name _____

Address _____

Conducted by SUSAN WILBUR
Associate Literary Editor, the Chicago Evening Post

MARCH is a good time to begin a new biography; and those of you who read "The Sleeping Mountain," by Flora Warren Seymour in CHILD LIFE—and others, too—will want to read her new book, *The Boys' Life of Kit Carson* (Century).

As a boy in Franklin, Missouri, Kit Carson had watched the caravans starting out, and as a saddler's apprentice had had his share in the bustle of preparation. Then, a little more than a hundred years ago, when he was sixteen, he himself got a job with a caravan bound for Santa Fe. In the course of that adventurous journey across the plains, Kit found out what he wanted to do for the rest of his life, and by hard work became an expert trapper, guide, interpreter, and Indian fighter.

Later on in life, when he was married and had a nice adobe house in Taos he would have liked to settle down. But by that time the United States couldn't spare him. When he would say good-by and start out on one of his expeditions, his wife and children never knew within a year or two how soon they might hope to see him again. Kit Carson played a part in the winning of California from Mexico, and more than once made the long journey to Washington at the summons of the President.

Another new book that I might mention is *Stories of Our Navy Retold from St. Nicholas* (Century). Some of these stories have to do with famous sea fights, such as that between the Guerriere and the Constitution, or the fight off Santiago, or the adventures of the Essex and the Oregon in the Pacific. Others give a picture of life aboard ship—life in the days of sailing ships, when the sailors had their own sewing and washing to do, life nowadays, when a battleship is a city of two thousand inhabitants, with everything done by machinery.

From its title, you might expect to find fighting in *War Whoop and Tomahawk* (Macmillan). But it turns out that those are just the names of two buffalo calves that the author, Ernest Harold Baynes, borrowed from the Corbin herd and taught to be useful members of society.

In spite of bruises and breakage he managed to train War Whoop and Tomahawk to harness. And once broken in, they were marvels of strength and speed.

But on the whole, if you were planning to train an animal yourself, it would probably be simpler to begin on a dog. And the dog rather likes it besides, which those buffalo calves certainly didn't.

In *Toutou in Bondage* (Macmillan), Elizabeth Coatsworth tells the story of a fat fox terrier belonging to a fat French lady and her husband, and of how much happier he was when he got a chance to be a circus dog instead of staying a spoiled pet.

All three of them were making a trip, and Toutou was very haughty when they landed in Morocco. He kept running away from his mistress. His master had to keep hunting him up. Then all of a sudden, someone held his mouth shut and popped him into a sack. He had been stolen.

His new master was a huge Negro who had a donkey, a monkey and now Toutou, and who made it his business to give performances in the market square. Before ever he saw his mistress again, Toutou had had a great many queer foreign exciting adventures.

Last year I laughed one whole evening over a book which, instead of being scheduled as books usually are for children of three to six or five to ten, was scheduled for children from eight to eighty. It was called "Abdallah and the Donkey" and was more Arabian than the Arabian Nights themselves. Only this story was funny.

Now the author of that book, who signs herself K. O. S. but is really Baroness Dombrowski, has written a new book about Abdallah.

If you happen to have read the first you will remember that Abdallah's donkey suddenly acquired the gift of human speech. That afterwards made him a great deal of trouble, for that donkey knew all her master's stingy ways, and didn't mind talking about them.

It would be too bad to tell you this new story. But I can at least tell you this much without spoiling it, namely, that Abdallah's new wife, Zuleima, ate the turnip that would have changed the talking donkey to a stupid camel, and that the name of the story is *The Fat Camel of Bagdad* (Macmillan).

Have you ever wondered what happened to Goldilocks and the Three Bears after the end of the story? And whether the little old man and

[*Continued on page 129*]

SPANISH MAGIC

[Continued from page 113]

splinters in your milk for breakfast." He gave the goat a stiff punch with his cane, and frightened her away.

Jeronimo had begun to pick up the remnants of his kit.

"My bad luck's spread to you," the man continued kindly. "What do you say we all forget our troubles by going down to the Alhambra?"

Jeronimo was willing, for he seldom had the price of admission to the palace, and he could do no more work to-day anyway. Ruth and Will liked the Alhambra even better than their hillside, for it seemed to them that all the magic in the world must have started there. To them, it was not an empty palace lying idly in the sunshine. Every tower and archway, every graceful rounded window, every marble pillar stood witness to some beautiful magic, for nothing else could so enchant a palace.

Its walls were like lace and embroidery, so delicate was the tracery covering them, its wooden domes and ceilings glistened with enamel-like jewels, and fountains splashed in its green courtyards. It was like the palace one sees in dreams, and yet it was real and had been standing so since long before Columbus, aided by this same Spain, discovered America.

Ruth and Will liked nothing better than playing in these Moorish walls, for they repeopled the rooms with kings and princesses and knights who played beribboned guitars beneath the windows. And so when the unlucky man suggested driving them to the palace in his carriage, with Jeronimo following on his donkey, they all thought it was the nicest thing he could do for them.

"If you'll wait until Grandfather comes back," Ruth said, "he'll be here any minute, and he'll want to know where we are."

When Grandfather returned, he not only approved of the plan, but said he would like to go with them.

The guard at the palace gate is used to strange crowds of people who come from all over the world

[Continued on page 131]

Were you a college track man, then your coach would see that you got lots of sleep and drank your milk, and ate the best foods too.

He'd have you eat Wheatena, the food he knows is full of good things that build the track stars who win cups for their school.

Wheatena tastes like toasted nuts, ...you'll surely think it's good....it is the sun -browned cereal that's called the "Run-Fast Food"

That's because Wheatena makes your legs so strong and fleet and also gives you sparkling eyes, pink cheeks and hard white teeth.

Each morning eat a bowlful of Wheatena....soon you'll find, in every race you'll run so fast you'll leave the field behind.

Free *Sample*

If you wish a trial package of this delicious sun-browned wheat cereal—WHEATENA—we'll gladly send you one FREE. Just check here ☐ and mail this coupon.

Send for this book today

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers,—written by one of the most eminent child specialists in America. Only 15c brings you a copy. ☐ Check here—enclose 15c—if you wish a copy of the book.

Name .....

Address CL3-30

.....

The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

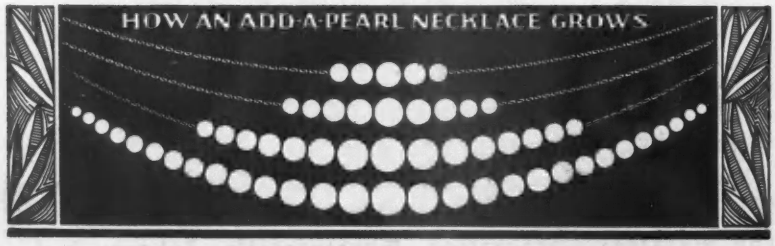
Two Birthdays.

"NOW I can belong to the *Pearl-a-month Club* too," Gwendolynne smiled at mother. "Is that a new club?" mother wanted to know. "The girls at school started it last month. Several of them already have an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE and when Dolly received one for Christmas she decided to start a club. ADD-A-PEARLS are genuine oriental pearls and so the girls decided that instead of wasting their spending money foolishly, they would join the *Pearl-a-month Club* and pledge to buy one pearl each month to add to their necklace." "I think that is a splendid idea," mother said, "for it means that you will not only have the pleasure of wearing your necklace all the time you are adding to it, but you will really be investing your money wisely." "I'm so happy that you and Daddy started an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE for my birthday," Gwendolynne said as she fastened the clasp. "I'm glad you're so happy, dear," mother answered, "and now each year on Christmas, birthday and all gift occasions we will all give you additional pearls so that by your eighteenth birthday your ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE can be complete and it will be a permanent source of happiness and satisfaction."

An initial ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE, of 7 pearls on a fine gold chain, may be purchased for as little as $10. Other prices range—$15—$20—$25 and more, depending on the size of the pearls. Group additions may be purchased from $10—single pearls as low as $2.

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY
CHICAGO

Add-a-pearls are Genuine Oriental Pearls



FRENCH-CANADIAN MUSIC

[*Continued from page 109*]

it wonderful how long a good song lives? Hundreds of years old, and still these chansons (as they are called) and ballads retain their beauty and popularity.

I believe that we would all be happier and live longer if we filled our lives and our homes with the old songs and we surely would learn a great deal about the world and its people with little effort on our part.

Many of the voyagers' songs can be heard to-day in Quebec and among the French-Canadian villages in Vermont and Massachusetts, some, too, among the Acadian French who were cruelly exiled from "the Land of Evangeline" in Nova Scotia (New Scotland), and settled in the state of Louisiana, where their descendants still live.

How these melodies have inspired poets!

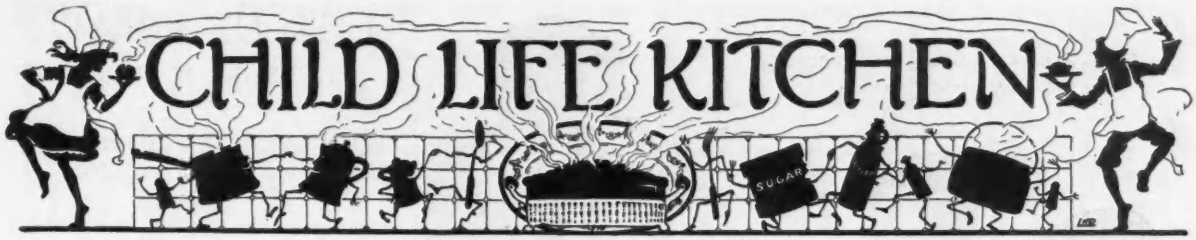
"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We will sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn."

It was the great Thomas Moore who said, "I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sang to us frequently. The wind was so unfavorable that they were obliged to row us all the way, and we were five days ascending the St. Lawrence from Kingston to Montreal." To-day we can cover this distance in one hour by airplane, but the only music we would have would be motor-music.

Do you know the story of the oldest of the native songs of Canada? The song is called the lament of the dying trapper, Cadieux, and it has lived since about 1700. Cadieux, the trapper, was returning with a party of hunters from the northern wilds. As they reached Calumet Island in the Ottawa River, they heard that the hostile Iroquois Indians held the only passage around the dangerous rapids. So the brave Cadieux insisted upon diverting the attention of the Redmen while his companions "shot" the rapids. He approached the Indians alone, and fired his rifle so that the hostile Indians would attack him and not his friends. His body, and a sad little poem which he had written on a piece of birchbark, were found long after and his memory is kept green in this old song, "The Little Rocks in the High Mountain."

French Canadians are full of fun

[*Continued on page 127*]



WE MAKE DESSERTS

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

"WHEN are we going to learn a new dessert?" asked a Child Life cook in a very nice letter we received the other day. We were happy to answer back, "In March." For, you see, we had been thinking that it was high time we learned some desserts to go with the fine meat and vegetable dishes we have been cooking. So, even before the letter arrived, we had put on our thinking caps and gone into the kitchen and worked—*and* we made three recipes that we think you will enjoy very much.

SPRING SHORTCAKE

For this recipe you will need a pint box of strawberries, some lady fingers or sponge cakes, a half pint of whipping cream and some powdered sugar.

By the way, maybe you are wondering about the name—we call this a "Spring Shortcake," because it's the one we make when the berries first come into the markets and are scarce as well as costly. You remember our recipe of regular shortcake calls for lots of berries, red, ripe and luscious. But in the early spring we cannot use so many, nor are they as juicy or rich. So we make a cake that suits the berries—that's sensible.

We use lady fingers or small sponge cakes instead of the rich biscuit dough we bake for our June shortcakes because the sponge texture is more delicate with a few berries. In most places where Child Life cooks do their marketing, it is possible to buy excellent lady fingers, fresh daily. Be sure to select tender, freshly baked cakes and have them carefully wrapped so that they do not crumble or break, in carrying. Get one dozen for serving four persons. Sometimes you can buy little square or round sponge cakes; these make fine shortcakes—allow one for each person. If you cannot get either lady fingers or sponge cakes, perhaps Mother has some cake you can use. Or perhaps she will allow you to bake a sponge cake from her favorite recipe. Use only half of the recipe and when the cake is cool, cut it into three inch squares.

With all your supplies at hand, you are now ready for work. The shortcakes should be made as near serving time as possible and should be kept in a cool place.

Wash and drain the berries. Pick off stems. Select a dozen of the finest berries and put those aside for garnishing.

Cut the remaining berries into thin slices.

Put them into a bowl and sprinkle with 2 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Whip the cream till stiff.

Open the lady fingers, separating the halves, allowing six halves for each person. (If you use cakes, cut them in half, crosswise.)

On individual serving plates arrange three halves, close together and round sides up. (Or place the lower half of a sponge cake on the plate.)

Spread two rounding spoonfuls of whipped cream over each serving.

Put ¼ of the cut-up strawberries on the cream, spreading the portions daintily and evenly.

Cap this with the other halves of the lady fingers (or the tops of the cakes).

Put ¼ the remaining whipped cream on each serving and top that with three fine berries, set perky-wise so that they look their best.

Serve at once.

Our next recipe is the wintery dish, which you will bake in the oven—a nice job for a blustery March day.

For this you will need dates, nuts, two eggs, some sugar, flour, baking powder and a half pint of whipping cream. We always measure the cream before whipping. The utensils needed are a shallow baking dish or pan, carefully buttered; a mixing bowl, a grinder (or chopping knife and bowl), a measuring cup and two spoons; a bowl and whipper for the cream; a sifter, an egg beater and a bowl for both yolks and whites of the eggs.

Arrange all your supplies

[*Continued on page 137*]

"LOOK, MOTHER, I'M ONE AHEAD OF BOBBY IN THE 'CLEAN HANDS' GAME!"

How a simple game teaches children the *"clean hands" habit*

IT'S GREAT sport for Bobby and Sister to see which one comes out ahead in the Clean Hands game. Sister beat him this week—but next time! *You just wait.*

Thousands of mothers have sighed with relief since their children started this thrilling new game. No longer do they have to coax — command — even bribe youngsters to wash regularly, especially before meals. The Lifebuoy "wash-up" chart makes it *fun* to keep clean.

Dirty hands a health risk

Children also see that cleaner hands mean better health. Disease germs may be picked up from countless things little hands must touch — shoes, toys, pets, schoolbooks, doorknobs. The Life Extension Institute warns that 27 diseases may be spread by hands.

Mothers in millions of homes, as well as more than 85,000 teachers, have found that the simplest way to rid hands of germs and *help safeguard health* is to wash them with Lifebuoy. Its mild, creamy, gently antiseptic lather removes germs as well as dirt.

Lifebuoy keeps complexions smooth and clear—glowing with youthful beauty. Prevents embarrassing body odor. Its fresh, hygienic scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you that you're cleaner —*safer.*

Free to mothers

Fill out and mail coupon below for free "wash-up" chart and trial size cake of Lifebuoy for each one of your children. Make "clean hands" an exciting game in your family. Of special interest to Mothers' Clubs.

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP
for face, hands, bath

free

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Dept. 23, Cambridge, Mass.
Please send me free Lifebuoy Trial Cakes and "Wash-up" Charts for my.....children.

Name.....

Address.....

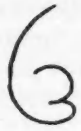
City..... *State*.....

LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw the figure three,
With the top part larger. See?

This line must be drawn just right,
So please do be careful, quite.

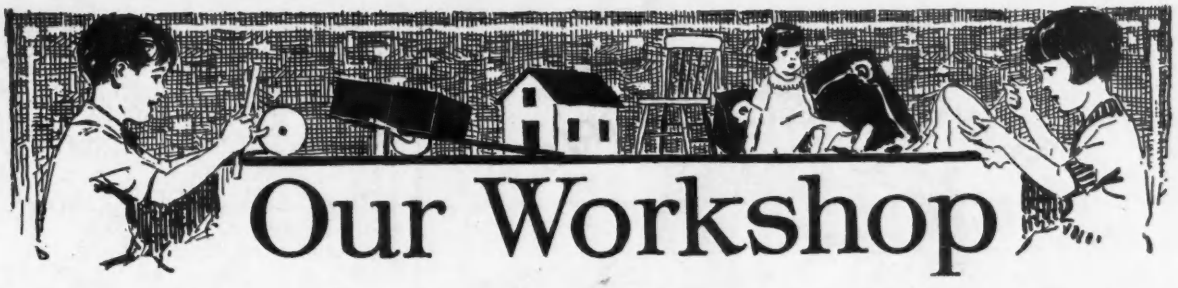


Then suppose we draw an egg;
Balance it just so, I beg.

With this funny line you see,
You may guess what this will be.

Think it's hard? O no, it's not!
Now this big, big, black, black dot.

Tail, wee nose, and eye rolled up.
What a cunning little pup!



Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "Making Things with Tools," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys," "Big Book of Boys' Hobbies," etc.

MAKE TOY AIRPLANES FLY WITH THIS CLOCKWORK MOTOR

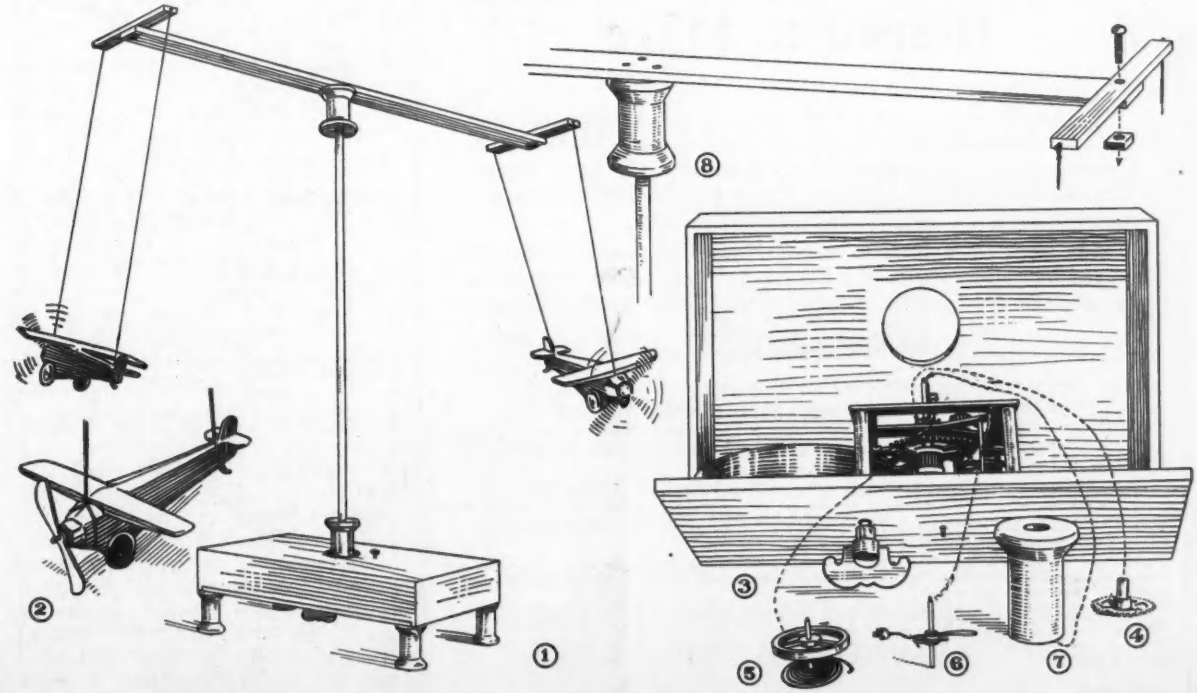
AN OLD clockwork makes an excellent motor for running all sorts of small mechanical toys. Did you know it? When I was your age, I used to have lots of fun with such a motor. Every time that an alarm clock was retired from service, because not worth repairing, it was turned over to my workshop, and, with contributions from friends and relatives, I never lacked a motor. If the mainspring was broken, the alarm-spring was used, but the mainspring made the better motor, because it was more powerful and ran longer when wound up.

The flying-airplanes toy shown in Figure 1 of the illustrations is one of the most interesting of clockwork toys. Everybody likes to watch airplanes fly, and toy ships are no exception. I am not going to tell you here how to build the toy airplanes, because I showed a simple scheme on our page last September. Look up these directions, or, if you prefer, buy two of the small celluloid or iron ships that sell for five or ten cents. The pair should be alike, so as to be of equal weight. Two iron airplanes like that in Figure 2, with a wingspan of 2¼ inches, were used in my model.

In addition to a clockwork and two toy airplanes, you will need a cigar-box about 8 inches long, 5 inches wide and 2½ inches deep, six spools, a dowel-stitck ¼-inch in diameter and 16 inches long (buy this at a hardware store), a piece of lath or lattice strip 18 inches long, and two pieces 4 or 5 inches long, small nails, two stove-bolts 1 inch long, thread, sealing-wax, and lacquer or enamel.

Preparing the clockwork motor is fun. Probably you have always wanted to pull a clock apart to see how it works. Here is your chance. Unscrew the keys, knobs and screws that hold the back, remove the back, separate the clockwork from the back, and remove the clock hands and dial. Your motor will then be ready for use, but you will find that it is geared down to run too slowly for the airplane toy. To speed it up, it will be necessary only to remove the little wheel from the pivot on which the hands were mounted (Figures 3 and 4), the

[Continued on page 136]



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GAMES

by Nancy Clinton

Oh Don said, "Let's play with [image] and [image] too, and wear some [image] on our [image] and paddle a [image]." Then Jack said, "Let's play [image] and sail a [image] and find a buried treasure with gold for you and me!" And Bess said, "Let's play [image] and [image] with rocking [image] for thrones and wear some [image] and [image] and talk in royal tones. Oh, let's play picnic!" Mother said, "Down by the garden [image]." So we took [image], [image], and [image], and ate and ate and ate!"

[image]

Gertrude Strickler

PATTEN BEARD'S BUTTON GAMES

A Spelling Game

(See page 136)

By PATTEN BEARD

THIS game is played on the page of the magazine without cutting the magazine. Double the magazine. Lay it flat on a table. If it should roll, place a book on either side to hold the page firm and flat.

Any number may play the game. Each must have a pencil and sheet of paper.

There is one button used for play.

To make a play, toss the button on the magazine page: write down on your sheet of paper the letter the button rests upon. If it falls between letters, you may have another toss-up, counting that letter final.

Players must try to make words with their letters. The first to make a word that is a noun, or name of a thing, wins the game.

One may play this game by spelling pronouns, verbs, and adverbs, as well as nouns. One may also spell names and vary the play that way.

You may make this game as long as you like, making five words: noun, verb, adverb, pronoun, and conjunction.

FRENCH-CANADIAN MUSIC

[*Continued from page 122*]

and laughter and so are scores of their songs. This well known song is but a dozen measures long and has seven verses. Here are two or three of them:

"There on the bridge at Avignon,
I heard a song so merry,
A song so dainty and so true,
I thought it Lady Mary.
The prince, he heard the singing, too,
Up in his royal eyry,
He summoned then his serving men,
His valet and equerry."

And so on runs the merry legend for you and me to read and sing.

I hope you will get these voyagers' songs and, also, that you will read, or have your parents read to you, the quaint and fascinating poems of William Henry Drummond, for the true story of French-Canadian life lies deep in these jewels. The American boy or girl who fails to make friends of them loses a real treasure of joy and knowledge.

Growing-up made easy

There's no use talking, growing up is a mighty serious undertaking. There's reading and writing and 'rithmetic and teeth to be brushed and necks to be washed and all sorts of rules and regulations besides. But there's one bright step in the arduous business of growing-up and that's Shredded Wheat. You don't have to wait until you're as big as Dad in order to have a heaping bowlful of Shredded Wheat and good rich milk every morning for breakfast. If you just keep on eating Shredded Wheat every morning, you'll be really and truly grown-up before you know it.

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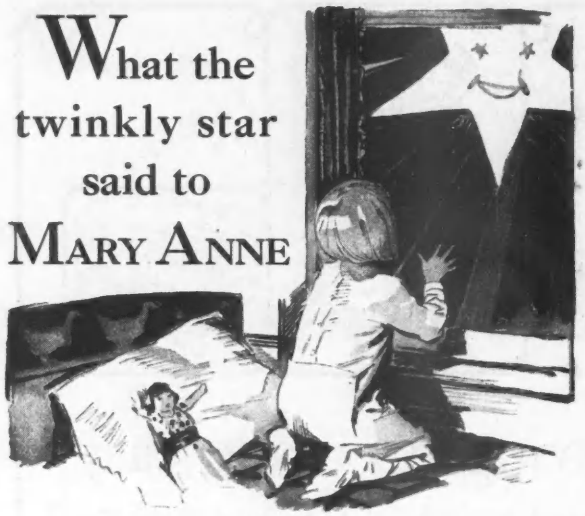
Every product advertised in this issue has the approval of CHILD LIFE and the endorsement of the publishers, Rand McNally & Company.

What the twinkly star said to MARY ANNE



MARY ANNE just couldn't go to sleep. And it was all the fault of a big, bright star that was behaving in a most outrageous manner. It twinkled and winkled at her just as though it were trying to talk to her. She wondered if stars could really talk. She thought she'd see.

"Don't you know, Twinkly Star," she began, "that it's not polite to wink that way?"

What do you think? Right then and there Twinkly Star answered Mary Anne in the cutest little voice.

"Mary Anne, do you know what makes Twinkly Star so bright and happy that, for the life of him, he just can't help winkling and twinkling at pretty little girls like you?"

"No, I don't," she said, "but you may tell me if you wish, Twinkly Star."

"Well, Mary Anne, do you see the Milky Way, over there to my right? Well, that's where all the big and little stars get their milk. Milk, you know, makes us bright and sparkly. It's good for little girls, too. It will make your eyes sparkle just like stars."

"But I don't like milk, Twinkly Star," protested Mary Anne so disappointedly.

"Oh, you don't like milk!" said Twinkly Star, and he winkled so merrily that Mary Anne had to close her eyes. "Well, I'll just have to twinkle to your mother tonight about a magic milk that you will like better than anything you ever tasted."

And sure enough next morning Mary Anne's mother put a teaspoonful of something out of a big oval tin into a nice warm cup. Then she added hot milk, dropped in a lump of sugar, stirred it a little, and gave it to Mary Anne.

That morning, Mary Anne drank two whole cups of the magic milk, it was so awfully good. And she drank the wonderful milk every morning and grew stronger and prettier every day, till her eyes shone just like stars.

• • •

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The booklet . . . full of delightful stories, charmingly illustrated . . . will brighten many a story hour. And the generous sample—a week's supply of Instant Postum—will permit you to try this delicious new way of converting "plain milk" into a "grown-up," hot drink that children love. Time and again, Postum made-with-milk has built up a child who needed milk, and wouldn't take it "straight."

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MISS COLUMBIA

[*Continued on page 116*]

to Sarah with a grin. He was a good loser, she admitted, and found herself admiring him again against her will.

"Where's the third one?"

Sarah smiled a slow, sweet, exasperating smile. "Don't you wish you knew?"

"I intend to know—very soon, too." He looked behind a barrel.

"Quack, quack!" said the Supreme Court under Sarah's skirt.

Johnny Mercer wheeled on her sharply. "Look-a-here, where's that duck?"

It was Sarah's intention to smile again, very mysteriously, as she had before; but a sharp, unexpected peck on her ankle made her wince instead. "Ouch!" she said.

Johnny seemed surprised, and then he glanced at a suspicious-looking bulge in her muslin skirt. The bulge moved and said, "Quack!" A slow grin overspread his face, and he sat down beside her.

"Let's you and I sit here and have a nice long talk," he suggested.

Sarah arose with dignity and allowed the duck to escape. "You can't have my pet ducks, but I'll ask Mammy to give you three chickens."

When the soldier offered to pay for them, she refused—there was little point to taking money that could not be spent in Maryland. And she relented enough to get him a glass of cold buttermilk and a plate of doughnuts.

"It strikes me, sister, that you've been acting mighty strange," he said, as he sat down on the back steps to enjoy them. "What's this about me taking your doll baby last year? I never even saw it."

Sarah, looking into his honest gray eyes, knew that he was speaking the truth and that she had misjudged him. She sat down beside him and told him all about the strange disappearance of Miss Columbia.

"That beats the Dutch! But, honest, in all my born days, I never looked twice at a doll baby. I was just teasing when I pretended to want your pup."

Sarah was convinced that he knew nothing of the mystery, and when he rose to go, she took the hand that he held out to her. "You know, it's too bad that you're a Yankee, Sarah."

"Well, I think it's too bad that you're a rebel. But then I reckon we're both Americans."

After the Confederate had left, she sat on the back steps for a long time, thinking it over. If Johnny Mercer hadn't taken Miss Columbia, then she must still be here. True, they had searched in every cranny, but the doll had to be some place. She glanced down and saw a pair of black legs protruding from the porch.

"Conundrum," she asked, "did you hear what that soldier said?"

"Yas'm." The little darky slowly edged the

rest of his body out into the open. He looked up at her and rolled his eyes.

"Come on then," she said. "I want you to help me find my doll."

He had always followed her commands so cheerfully that she expected him to jump right up, eager to begin the search. But instead—to her astonishment—he cut a quick black line across the yard and disappeared in the woods.

[*The conclusion of "The Disappearance of Miss Columbia" will appear in the April issue of CHILD LIFE.*]

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[*Continued from page 120*]

the little old woman didn't as a matter of fact bake a second little gingerbread boy after the first one ran away? And if they didn't plan somehow so that the second one wouldn't run away?

In *The Charm String* (L. C. Page), Albion Fellows Bacon figures out very well what probably happened in both cases. Goldilocks probably found, after eating the bears' porridge, that she was able to speak and to understand Bearish. And the little bear probably became her favorite playmate. The little old woman probably baked a gingerbread boy and a gingerbread girl both the next time, and then took them to a wizard and had them made real.

But this book has a number of good new stories in it besides these and some of them are about entirely new things—a Mingst, and a giant of a new kind, and a fairy plum.

The author is the youngest sister of the three whose middle sister was Annie Fellows Johnson, author of the "Little Colonel" stories. In *The Charm String* she has remembered some of the stories that their big sister used to tell them downstairs and some of the stories that they used to tell each other after they had gone up to bed.

Another good new book of stories is *The Jolly Tinker* (Lippincott) by Leonard S. Hill. The jolly tinker himself managed to catch a pair of goblins in a pan he was mending. At first he thought he would use them as a side show. But they said, "No, we will give you a treasure instead." And from that moment the jolly tinker wasn't at all a jolly tinker until these goblins had by trick and by argument managed to persuade him that he didn't really want that treasure after all.

Most of the stories in the book are so short that they are hardly more than begun before they are over. There are stories about boys being able to go under the sea and play with the mermaids; about children seeing fairies and dragons and goblins and little bogues, and not being able to make anyone believe that they have seen them, even when they are given emeralds and things to bring home.

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But that's not the only reason why Colgate's is the ideal dentifrice for little folks. It keeps their tiny teeth thoroughly clean . . . with absolute safety, too, because Colgate's contains absolutely no medication that may upset their systems, no harsh abrasives or strong antiseptics which may injure delicate tissues and enamel.

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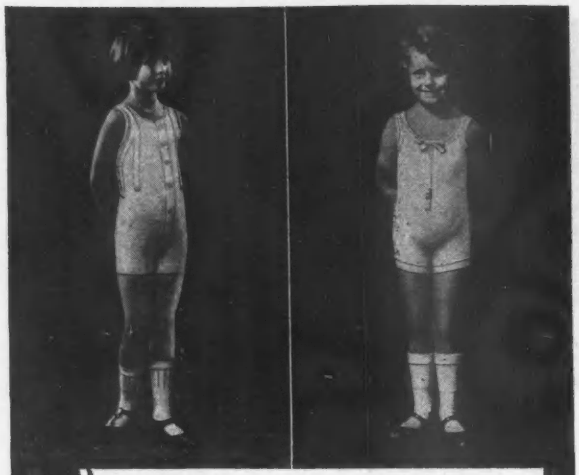

Style LU
Bleached, combed yarn, button-front waist suit, pearl buttons, trunk leg. Sizes 2/3 to 12/13. Retails at 75 cents.

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The garments shown here are made so that they will not show below outer garments. Other styles if you prefer them.

Nazareth underwear is offered in a variety of styles in various fabrics for boys and girls. Look for the Nazareth label.

Write us if your retailer cannot supply you, mention his name and we will see that you are supplied.

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Style 271
Boy's taped waist suit, nainsook 72x80 double seat, pearl buttons, trunk leg. Sizes 2/3 to 12/13. Retails at 50 cents.

SHEEP AHOY

[*Continued from page 111*]

we have to stay here by ourselves all night?" he wailed. "Perhaps nobody will find us and we'll have to be real Robinson Crusoes, for ever and ever!"

In the meantime at home, the boys had finished their game of tennis and were returning from the hilltop.

Their mother greeted them with an anxious query. "Where can those children be? I thought they were with you. They're always home by supper time and it's six o'clock now!"

Maurice thought they might have gone up to the garden to pick raspberries, and he and his mother and some of the others started up the valley to find out.

They were hardly out of sight when the telephone rang. It was the clerk at the hotel at Willow Point not far from the Mason place. He knew the Mason children and, when Ros answered, told him to come down to the hotel if he wanted to recover his sister's pet lamb. Una, also, was well known around the lake.

"Hurry up," the clerk added, chuckling, "and you'll see a strange sight!"

Ros was thoroughly mystified. He had not been aware that Una was missing, too.

"Come on, Hunny," he called to one of his brothers, "let's go!" And they started off at a run.

When they arrived at the Willow Point pier, a strange sight did indeed greet them. The hotel clerk was there, with a group of guests, and one and all they wore a broad grin, for in the water, drifting toward them, was a rowboat, the sole occupant of which was a big sheep!

The boys stared in amazement.

"It's the *Owl!*" gasped Ros.

"It's Una!" shouted Hunny.

Almost as if she recognized them, the sheep began to bleat vigorously.

"Baa! Baa! Baa!" came the plaintive sound.

The clerk laughed loudly. "For all the world as if she were hailing us! Who ever heard of a sea-going lamb!" Then cupping his mouth with his hands, he shouted facetiously, "Sheep ahoy! Sheep ahoy!"

But Ros and Hunny were not so amused. Where were Edie and Lonnie? That was what concerned them, for, of course, they guessed that Una had not gone rowing by herself and that their little brother and sister had started out with her.

"Do you suppose they could have fallen overboard?" asked Hunny with anxious black eyes.

"Dunno," returned Ros, unwilling to consider this, "but let's jump in the boat anyway, and go look for them!"

"Here she comes now!" replied Hunny as the *Owl* drifted in toward the pier.

Without waiting for the boat to ground the boys waded into the water, regardless of their white duck trousers, and climbed in.

Taking hold of Una by her hindquarters they unceremoniously heaved her overboard, then took to the oars, while she in leisurely fashion splashed her way to shore and fell to cropping grass as calmly as if it were the usual thing for a sheep to go a-sailoring!

"We've got to row hard," said Ros.

"Where to?" asked Hunny, even while he plied an oar.

"I don't know," the older boy answered, "only we must try to find out the worst before Mother hears of this."

Hunny was thoughtful for a moment. "Where do you suppose all these cat-tails came from?" he inquired, turning over with his foot the heap of rushes on the floor.

"By George," exclaimed Ros, "we always go to the island to get them!"

"Yep," agreed Hunny, nodding his head, "and I bet we'll find Edie and Lonny there!"

And they did. Just as the trees on the island were beginning to throw long shadows across the water and the frogs in the rushes near-by to croak, the *Owl* once more that day grounded her prow on its beach. And there the two boys found poor little Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday, minus their shoes and socks, their faces stained with tears, sound asleep in each other's arms.

Later that evening as Edie and Lonny sat up eating a belated supper at home, with the enthusiasm of shipwrecked mariners, they tried not to think of how their mother had said never again should they row to the island by themselves. Instead they recounted with a relish, to a breathless audience of brothers and sisters, the story of how they had played Robinson Crusoe and how Una had played sheep ahoy.

SPANISH MAGIC

[*Continued from page 121*]

to see the palace, but he could not help a smile of surprise at the five who entered. First, came Grandfather, who in spite of his gray hairs had never forgotten the fun of being a boy, and then the tall Englishman in search of his luck. And there followed Ruth and Will, who shared the enchantment they found in the palace, and Jeronimo, a bootblack out of a job, but smiling nevertheless.

They watched the fish in the pool of the Myrtle Court, they looked over the hills from the Queen's Tower, and then they came to their favorite spot, the Court of Lions.

The children liked it best, for the center fountain consisted of twelve stone lions, peaceful and friendly. If they'd been big or ferocious, they might have filled the children with awe, but they were patient and harmless. Hadn't they stood in this same spot hundreds of years merely to let the water spout from their mouths, and make a fountain? The ears were worn off of two of them, and their faces had scars and cracks, and their feet were crumbled at the edges—nice old stone lions, they were, enchanted into silence, they liked to think.

Will liked to climb on the back of the one with his ears gone, and ride it as if it were one of those wild steeds that used to carry the Moorish kings across the hills when danger threatened. Ruth had a favorite too—one of those with a toe missing, which, being enchanted, could prance as gaily as if it had extra toes to lend it speed.

And so when the guard had brought chairs for Grandfather and the Englishman, the children mounted the lions. Jeronimo, who seldom had time to play, quite forgot he was a bootblack. The magic that glides like a golden dream through the palace stole in through his work-hardened finger tips, and found its way to his heart, leaving an hour of happiness, never to be forgotten.

Will had kicked off his sandals, and dipped his hot toes in the marble run-way carrying the overflow away from the fountain. Ruth gave her slippers a toss, and hung her socks across the lion's neck. Jeronimo wriggled out of his canvas sandals,

[*Continued on page 138*]

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Saratoga Graham Muffins

Add ¼ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses to 1½ cups sour milk. Put in 1½ teaspoons soda (scant) and stir until it foams, then add 2 cups graham flour sifted with ½ teaspoon salt. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 30 minutes. Makes 12 to 16 muffins—delicious for breakfast!

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204 Northern Pacific Building, Saint Paul, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Nelson:
Please send me your picture booklet of "Yellowstone Park."

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Are you and your folks thinking of going to Yellowstone this summer? Yes_____ No_____ Check (√)

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 100)

rooms with private baths in this wild enchanted land," Ruth confided to her brother peering out of the hotel window at the steaming rainbow colored terraces, so elaborately curved by Nature.

"Those are called Orange Spring, the White Elephant and the Devil's Kitchen," Robert told her. "Come on, Uncle Tom is going to take us horseback riding and we'll see a lot more—and Fort Yellowstone, too!"

"Goody, and let's be sure to visit the Mammoth museum and see all the Park flowers and animals and fish and trees and stones that are preserved there!" said his sister, picking up her hat and coat and hurrying after him.

"And now for the Geysers!" exclaimed Robert, as they climbed into the yellow coaches after their day at Mammoth. "I've seen Old Faithful's picture in my geography and I want to see the real thing."

"How do geysers work?" asked Ruth.

"A deep funnel-shaped hole leading down into an underground cave fills with water drained from springs and rivers. The heat from the lava beds boils the water till finally the steam presses it up and it boils over—just like the teakettle," explained Robert who had been reading up on the subject.

Uncle Tom nodded approvingly.

"Glad you're digging out information for yourself," he said. "Yellowstone has more geysers than all the rest of the world. And Old Faithful alone hurls up a million and a half gallons of water every sixty or eighty minutes!"

"Whew!" said Robert. "Did you hear that, Ruth?" But Ruth wasn't listening.

"There goes another bear!" she exclaimed. And every head in the bus turned to see the fat, friendly animal waddle down the road.

"They steal bacon from the campers and are awfully tame, because no one can shoot animals and birds in the park," she told the nervous lady in the next seat. And if you go searching for them here you'll find buffalo, and deer, and mountain sheep, and moose, and beavers, and pelicans, too."

The lady smiled. "And I suppose you'd like to take one of each home for a pet?"

But Ruth shook her head. "I'd like some baby bear cubs—they're so cunning, but I guess even they'd rather stay here in this beautiful wild park with the birds and flowers and pine trees and mountains and canyons and waterfalls and fine climate and everything," she said.

There were many new wonders to go into their notebook lists that morning. After the bus had taken them through the Golden Gate and past the crazy-looking limestone rock "hoodoos," and past the mountain of dark glass called Obsidian Cliff, they all got out at the Norris Geyser Basin to walk down a narrow board path between hundreds of boiling pools and a dozen or more spouting geysers.

"It's a good thing the guides are along to tell us where we can stand or we surely would get into hot water!" laughed Robert, as he watched the boiling sprays around him.

Hot pink, red, purple, yellow, and brown

(Continued on page 136)

(Advertisement)

CHILD LIFE
Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

PRESIDENTS' MONTH

"WASN'T everything interesting last March?" said Elizabeth to the other members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League. "It was just about this time last year that the new President was inaugurated, and it was so exciting when we listened in on the radio at school."

"Yes," said Miss Bradley, the counselor, "every four years on the fourth of March, a new President is inaugurated. Let's call this Presidents' Month and play the Game of Presidents."

"The Game of Presidents?" asked the others. "What's that?"

"Just this. There are many facts about our Presidents that we don't know or have forgotten. At each meeting we'll have a match—a different kind each time—and instead of trying to spell each other down, as in the old-fashioned spelling bee, I'll ask you questions about the Presidents."

The next week the members of the Brocton League were busy learning the names of the Presidents—they found out, for instance, that Thomas Jefferson was the *third* President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln the *sixteenth*, and Woodrow Wilson the *twenty-eighth*. When time for the second meeting came Miriam and David were captains and chose sides. Miss Bradley then asked questions of each team in turn, saying, "Who was twenty-first President of the United States?" or "Which President was Andrew Jackson?" and David's side won. Then each member told of an important incident in the life of each of the Presidents, and Miss Bradley hinted that there was a special reason why they should listen closely.

At the third meeting of the month they found out what it was, for they had another match. This time Bill and Elizabeth chose sides, and Miss Bradley asked questions about the stories they had heard the week before. Both sides remembered a great deal, but finally Elizabeth's team won.

"Before our next meeting," suggested Miss Bradley, "suppose we look in our histories and find out how the President is elected, what the requirements are to be eligible to the office, and his powers and duties. Then I hope each of you will look up pictures of all the Presidents and try to remember what they look like. You'll know why next week."

Helen and Russell chose sides for the last match, and Russell won. Then came the surprise contest. Miss Bradley gave them pencils and paper and called their attention to the small pictures of the Presidents pasted to the blackboard, each of which was labeled with a number. They were asked to write down the names of the Presidents whose pictures they recognized, and when the counselor looked over the papers, she found that Bill and Helen had tied for first place.

"If you ever have another contest or match about the Presidents," said David, "I bet all of us tie for first place. We know so much more about them now."

[*Continued on page 144*]

CONTEST

Wouldn't you like to own a book about our nation's capital and read all the fascinating stories about the Presidents who have lived in Washington and many of the interesting things that have happened there? Frances Margaret Fox has written a new book, *Washington, D. C.: The Nation's Capital: Romance—Adventure—Achievement: A Book for Young People;* and we are giving a copy to the boy and one to the girl who write the best essay on "My Favorite President—and Why." The essays should not be more than 200 words long, they should be written in ink on one side of the paper only, and they should be mailed in time to reach our office not later than March 12th. Address Contest Editor, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago. Any reader of Child Life who is a member of the Good Citizens' League, or who wishes to be a member, may enter the contest. After the judges have reached their decision, the names of the winners will be published in the May issue of Child Life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be awarded to all the winners.

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.

THE windy March days have arrived again and with them new frocks for Alice.

What is nicer for slim little girls that grow very fast than dresses without a belt?

Alice's gay flowered linen with a square neck and inverted pleats is most graceful

The two plain dresses which complete her wardrobe are also made with fullness and becoming lines.

Pattern No: 6262, 4 sizes—4, 6, 8, and 10 years.
Pattern No: 6678, 4 sizes—2, 4, 6, and 8 years.
Pattern No: 6703, 4 sizes—2, 4, 6, and 8 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

(For directions see page 127)

One Hour . . .

from Package to Table

HAVE you heard about the new gelatin dessert that sets much faster than any you've used before?

It's called Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert . . . and it's made by a new formula developed in the laboratories of the famous Royal Baking Powder Company.

This new Royal Gelatin Dessert is ready to unmould in half the usual time. And with modern electric refrigeration the time can be shortened to an hour or even less.

What a convenience! You prepare it in 3 minutes . . . along with the rest of the meal. At dessert time it's ready to serve.

• • •

In the red box—the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can. Five delicious Flavors: Raspberry, Cherry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange.

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(*Continued from page 132*)

clay beds bubbling up and down interested them next. These were the Mammoth Paint Pots.

"I'd like to stay and make mud pies," said Ruth, staring at the Paint Pots very hard. "I bet they'd look like French pastry!"

But it was time to go on and on past lakes of lovely colors, some hot and some cold, past a little shy deer and a stately moose, and on past beautiful pools and odd shaped rocks to the Upper Geyser Basin, one of the most spectacular regions in all the world.

"There are four thousand hot springs and one hundred geysers in this part," said Robert, again consulting his guide book. "But most of 'em seem to be right here!"

"There's Old Faithful!" shrieked Ruth delightedly, as a huge spout of water rose 150 feet up into the air.

The children drew in a deep breath after it was over. So did the other tourists looking on at this great wonder of the world.

"Emerson Hough calls Yellowstone Park 'Nature's continuous Coney Island'," said one of the tourists to Uncle Tom. "Well, there's something happening every minute all right."

In thinking it all over afterwards Ruth decided that her day near Old Faithful was the most exciting day of her vacation. But she was

(*Continued on page 141*)

(Advertisement)

OUR WORKSHOP

[*Continued from page 125*]

balance-wheel (Figure 5), pivoted between the frame plates (Figure 3), and the lever (Figure 6), pivoted next to the balance-wheel. You can pry the balance-wheel and lever from the frame, or unbolt the frame and separate the plates enough to release the parts. When you have removed the parts, wind up the mainspring, and see how much faster the clockwork runs.

Mount the motor, next, in its cigar-box enclosure. Place it with its back upon the box cover, mark where the pivots touch the cover, and drill holes through the cover at these points. You can make the holes with a hand gimlet, or bore them with the small blade of your jackknife, if you do not own a drill. Set the pivots into the holes, screw the mainspring key onto its pivot, and the clockwork will be held fast.

Cut a hole in the box bottom to come directly over the central pivot of the clockwork. Cut this hole with your jackknife, if you lack a bit-and-bitstock, and enlarge it so that you can slip a spool through it. The spool is needed for the motor pulley. Whittle off the lower flange of the spool, so that it will not interfere with the clockwork. The spool hole will be too large for the clockwork pivot, and will have to be filled with sealing-wax, to make a tight fit. Melt the wax with a lighted candle, and let it run into the hole until the hole is about half full. Make a dent in the wax, with the point of a nail, to mark the exact center of the lower end of the spool hole. Then heat the pivot with a lighted match or candle, and while it is hot, press it into the wax. It will melt its way into the wax. It is important to have the spool centered on the pivot. If you do not succeed the first time, remelt the wax and try again.

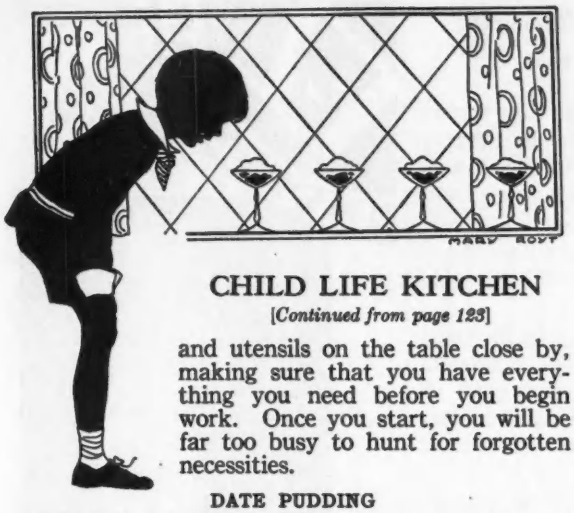
To complete the motor base, mount the box cover upon four spools (Figure 1), and drive a brad through each side edge of the cover into the box, to hold the cover in place.

The overhead support for the toy airplanes is a simple rig. Cut the beam 18 inches long, from a lath, lattice strip or other stick about 1½ inches wide and ⅜ inch thick, and the two crosspieces 4 or 5 inches long and about 1 inch wide and ⅜ inch thick. Fasten the crosspieces to the beam ends, with stove-bolts, or with brads. Nail the beam at its center to the end of a spool.

To mount the beam, fit the ends of a 16-inch length of ¼-inch dowel-stick snugly in the holes of the beam-spool and pulley-spool. Suspend the toy airplanes with heavy thread or light wrapping-twine from small nails or tacks driven into the ends of the beam crosspieces.

The clockwork must be kept from running while you wind the mainspring. The simplest way is to bore a small hole through the box bottom in the right position so that a nail can be slipped in between the spokes of one of the wheels of the clockwork (Figure 1).

Of course, you will want to finish the toy, to make it look as nice as a store toy. For colors, I suggest a red motor base, with black feet, a yellow mast, a red top beam, and yellow crosspieces. If you have built the toy airplanes, finish them with aluminum paint.



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[Continued from page 123]

and utensils on the table close by, making sure that you have everything you need before you begin work. Once you start, you will be far too busy to hunt for forgotten necessities.

DATE PUDDING

Wash in very hot water and rinse in cold water about 1½ cupful of dates, measured without packing down.

Drain them on a soft cloth or white paper.

Remove the seeds and cut into tiny bits. Measure 1 cupful.

Chop or grind enough nuts to make 1 cupful.

Sift together 2 tablespoonfuls of flour,
2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder,
¼ cupful sugar.

Beat the two egg yolks till thick and add to the sifted ingredients.

Add the dates and nuts and mix gently but thoroughly.

Beat the egg whites and fold them carefully into the mixture.

Spread evenly on the buttered baking pan and bake for 30 minutes, using a moderate oven.

As soon as the pudding is cool, cut it into squares like fudge.

For serving, pile several squares in a sherbert glass or on a dessert plate and top with a generous spoonful of whipped cream. The cream should be whipped just before it is used.

This pudding can be made the day before serving, if you like. But be sure to keep it well covered, so it does not dry out.

Our last recipe may be used any sort of a day, cold or hot. It is good for luncheon or dinner. It is delicious for a tea party, too, and is quick and easy to make.

CRUMPLE KISSES

Measure 1 cupful of cake or cookie crumbs. (If you have no such crumbs, crackers, specially sweet crackers, will do nicely, but we like cake crumbs the best; no matter how dry, they are all right to use.)

Put them in a shallow pan in a slow oven till they are dry and crisp and slightly brown.

Roll till they are very fine.

Mix the crumbs with ⅔ cupful of sugar and ¼ cupful grated cocoanut. (Finely broken nutmeats are just as tasty, if you prefer them to cocoanut.)

Beat two egg whites till stiff.

Gradually fold in the crumb-and-sugar mixture till the whole is well blended.

Drop by small spoonfuls onto a buttered cookie tin and bake for about 15 minutes in a moderate oven (350).

Remove from the pan while warm and serve within an hour or two if possible.

For the March luncheon menu we suggest:

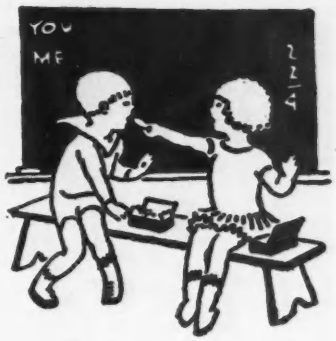
LUNCHEON

Clear Tomato Soup
Toasted Crackers
Scalloped Oysters Twelve-minute Cabbage
Baking Powder Biscuits
Spring Shortcake

Or, if you want a simpler luncheon, you might have:

Macaroni with Italian Sauce
Crumple Kisses
Ambrosia

Speaking of School Lunches



BEING a mother is quite a job these days—with the younger generation telling her what's what! Nancy is taught food combinations at the same time she is introduced to "twice times two." Just as likely as not she will come home and tell Mother that her ideas of a satisfactory luncheon are a bit out of date.

You see, Nancy and Teacher and the School Dietitian are in league together—they know all about Royal Baking Powder and how it makes healthful foods for children.

The Cream of Tartar in Royal is what does it . . . Makes crunchy cookies and delectable breads light and wholesome for Nancy's lunch.

So it's up to Mother to remember to ask for Royal, the only nationally distributed Cream of Tartar baking powder.

Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Absolutely pure

FREE! Our folder—"The School Lunch Box"—containing special menus and recipes suitable for children. Mail the coupon today.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
Dept. 202, 597 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send my free copy of "The School Lunch Box."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Now the third generation

is learning the value of "Lemco"—the original and genuine Liebig's Extract of Meat—pure, concentrated beef essence.

A ¼ teaspoon of "Lemco" in a teacup of hot water, seasoned to taste, makes the most delicious and stimulating beef-tea. Soups, stews, gravies, fish, meats, vegetables and salads are given more richness and appetizing flavor by adding a little "Lemco".

Order from your druggist or grocer. Recipe Book free on request.

LAMONT CORLISS & COMPANY
133 Hudson St. New York

U. S. Distributors for
OXO Limited, London, England

Insist on "Lemco" at your grocery and drug store.

"LEMCO"
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

Don't hold them back at the start

WHATEVER your children are going to be twenty years from now is on the starting line right now.

Everything that can possibly happen between the ages of twenty-five and fifty is being decided right now between the ages of five and fifteen.

If parents could only understand this. If our parents could have understood it, there's nothing in the world that we could not have been today.

But we new parents, who do understand this now must not carry on in the old way; we must not hold our children back at the start.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia for Children is one of the ways in which four hundred thousand homes are giving their children a flying start.

For Compton's is a complete encyclopedia, written and pictured entirely for children—intensely interesting from beginning to end, yet absolutely authoritative and completely encyclopedic in content and form. And, therefore, Compton's is not only a wonderful source-book of learning but a source-book of inspiration as well which fires their imagination and makes them eager to learn.

Children that have Compton's get better marks in school, and acquire greater leadership amongst their playmates, of course. But that isn't the big thing. The big thing is that Compton's, with all of its simple learning and pictures, broadens their vision, deepens their understanding, and gives them their first flying start at the success which means so much to them in the years to come.

Don't hold them back now. Send for our big, free, Sample Pictured Section.

You can have Compton's in your home for a first payment of as little as $3.50 down.

Here is the coupon. Fill it in and mail it now.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia

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Dept. 11-96, Compton Building
1000 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me at once, without any obligation, Free Sample Section and Free Questionario Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

Parent's Name----------

Address----------

City---------- State----------

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

SPANISH MAGIC

[*Continued from page 131*]

and pressed his bare toes against the cool stone. As he hopped down later, he stooped over for one of his sandals that had fallen under the lion. And in reaching for it, his finger struck something which rolled from under the lion's claw into the sunlight.

Will saw it too—a gold ring with a curious design like a face wrought into the seal. Ruth climbed off her lion, and came to examine the ring, which Jeronimo held out in the palm of his hand.

"It's the Moor!" she cried. "The man said he'd been here before he lost his ring."

"Oh, Mister!" Will called to the Englishman. "Did you ever ride one of these lions?"

"Not guilty," the man answered, from his chair in a shady corner of the court. "But I've spent hours here in their company. Extraordinary fellows—those lions."

"They are," Ruth agreed. "I think they've guarded your lucky ring for you."

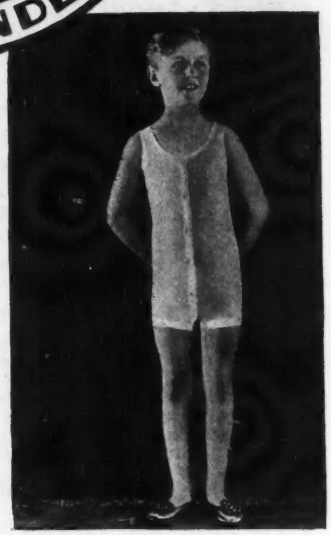
"And Jeronimo's found it," Will said, as the three children ran over to show him.

"My hat! My Sunday hat! You're right. Jolly glad I am, too. I must have dropped the ring into one of those streams of water from the fountain, and it's been washed down and stuck behind the lion's claw. Now my watch will run, and my pipe will draw, and I'll be able to get a vacation. Jeronimo, I'll buy you a new shining kit, and we'll put flowers in your donkey's harness."

His English was too much for Jeronimo, who knew not over ten words of that language, but the children made gestures to explain that he was to have a new kit as a reward for finding the ring.

The Englishman put it on his little finger, and Ruth and Will were sure they saw a smile play across the golden face of the ring's seal. It may have been the reflection of the smile on Jeronimo's face, but the children liked to pretend it was a smile of Alhambra magic.

E-Z REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. UNDERWEAR



Trunk Length Summer Union Suits of Knit Fabric which will not show below abbreviated clothes are now universally worn by smartly dressed children.

E-Z summerweight suits are healthy because the fabric is absorbent, comfortable because it is elastic, cool because of its light weight.

Ask for styles EZ/14 for boys and EZ/13 for girls. If your dealer hasn't these styles, write us for name of store where you can get them.

E-Z MILLS, Inc. 57 Worth St., N.Y.C.
Makers of E-Z Underwear

E-Z MILLS INC. 57 Worth St. NEW YORK

CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE
CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*
536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE MARCH WIND

In March the wind blows your kites so high,
And it blows you all about, too.
I wish, like the kites, I could sail in the sky,
Floating about in the blue.

KATHERINE PRETLOW WILLIAMS,
Age 11. Warrenton, N. C.

MY BOOKS

My books are treasures—very dear,
My secrets of reading you shall hear.
Come with me o'er land and sea
On the magic carpet of Bookery.

Let us dream of riches, jewels and gold,
Of beautiful ladies and warriors bold,
Of tiny small elves and fat fairy kings,
Of castles, palaces and such kind of things.

Now let us sail over hill and dale
To Plumfield, the home of the Marches and Baers,
Where Jo, Meg, and Amy put 'way all their cares,
And all is serene where good fellowship fares.

Oh, who is that we now can see?
'Tis Captain Kidd of Legendry.
There's Robin Hood with bow and arrow,
And little Cock Robin who was killed by Jim Sparrow.

At last our dreamland ride is o'er
For there is Mother at the door,
Waiting for us, don't you see,
To welcome us back from Bookery!

ROSEMARY BLOOM,
Chicago,

FRANK AND FRANCES NELSON

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM

I laugh, I jump, I splash away,
And play throughout the livelong day.
I twist, I turn, I curve around,
And o'er the rocks I tumble down.

On and on and on I go,
Sometimes swift and sometimes slow;
Happy, laughing, dancing, gay,
I go tripping on my way.

RAYMOND WILDE,
Age 10. Osceola, Iowa.

I WONDER

I wonder where the fairies stay,
When winter comes around,
I wonder if they still will play
On that hard frozen ground.
But, most of all, I wonder
Why they don't have tea,
With a little girl who's lonesome,
Like lonesome little me.
And I wonder when night is falling,
And the stars peep through,
If the fairies are calling
For their mammas, too.

EVELYN WILMA ROLLE,
Hagerstown, Md.

Dear Miss Waldo:

We are nine-year-old twins. We are in the fourth grade in school. We have two squirrels and three kittens.

We live where so much cotton is raised. Our uncle has a gin that runs day and night during the gathering season. Most of the farmers bring cotton to the gin in trucks.

We have nine Indian-runner ducks. We have a Rhode Island Red hen that is almost ten years old. Grandpa has two little calves that we play with and pet.

Mother gave us and four of our little cousins "Child Life" for Christmas last year. We have been getting it since we were four years old and like it fine.

We are sending a snapshot of us feeding our pet pig. Please print it.

Your little friends,

FRANK AND FRANCES NELSON,
Age 9. Moody, Texas.

LESSONS ON ROLLER SKATING for HEALTH'S SAKE ROLLER SKATE

1 Selecting Skates
This is very important. Our booklet tells how, also why "CHICAGO" Rubber Tire Skates are safest, fastest and noiseless. Tests prove these wheels outwear steel wheels 2 to 1.

2 Position of Feet
Learn correct position of the feet to secure grace with ease in skating. Learn why certain positions cause undue wear and poor results. Our booklet tells all.

3 A Quick Start
This is secured by certain positions of the feet and shifting weight of body. Any boy or girl can accomplish this after reading our book. It helps win races.

4 Long, Steady Strokes
Proper balance is destroyed by running on skates and it cuts down speed. The Long Steady Stroke develops muscle and builds health.

5 Stop With 4 Wheel Brakes
Drag toe and you soon have a flattened wheel—your skates are ruined. Learn the correct way with 4 Wheel Brakes, it's easy.

6 Cutting Circles
Quite a trick but simple when our instructions are followed. Get our FREE Book Today—Learn How!

THIS BOOK IS FREE!
Write for Your Copy Today
The only book of its kind printed. Tells everything you should know about correct Roller Skating—Get the facts.

Join Our "Roll on Rubber" Club
Get this beautiful Gold finished skate pin and Membership Certificate. Just enclose dealer's name and 10c to cover postage.

How to Roller Skate

ROLL ON Rubber

OUR GANG Enjoy the time of their lives on "CHICAGOS"

For Health's Sake—Roller Skate
With "CHICAGO" Rubber Tire Skates you can spin along in silence—No noise—No slipping. Greater speed and safety. Guaranteed in every way. "CHICAGOS" are the best buy today—Order a pair. From your dealer or sent direct "postpaid" for $4.00 and dealer's name.

"CHICAGO" Rubber Tire Roller Skates

If You Prefer Steel Wheels get our New 101—the Double Tread "Triple-Ware" Skates that outlast two of any other steel wheel skates made. Priced only $2.25.

No. 181 Super Skate for Boys—Girls and Grownups.

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.
Established Over ¼ Century
4455 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

No. 101 Double Tread "Triple-Ware" Steel Wheel

Little PLAYSKOOL Peggy Box

THIS simple, colorful collection of approved kindergarten materials consisting of peg-board, colored pegs and blocks, is intended for very young children. It is a PLAYSKOOL Institute product. There are others for older children.

PLAYSKOOL—The Home Kindergarten

— the "key" product of PLAYSKOOL Institute, consists of approved, educational play materials housed in a sturdy, attractive, child's desk. All Institute products are founded on the fundamental PLAYSKOOL idea — "Learning While Playing". PLAYSKOOL playing is pre-schooling.

Write or mail coupon for complete information.

PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE
594 COMMERCE ST. MILWAUKEE, WIS.
A DIVISION OF JOHN SCHROEDER LUMBER COMPANY

Gentlemen: Please send one little PLAYSKOOL Peggy Box for which I enclose $1.00. Also send information on all other PLAYSKOOL Products. C3-30

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

AN INVITATION TO A PARTY

JUST look at that fun! Betty is having a party. A very special kind of party as you can see. Wouldn't you like to know all about it... and color this pretty picture with CRAYOLA? It's as much fun as the party itself. And you can do it too! Tell Mother to send 25¢ and the coupon below and in just a few days you will have this picture (but five times as large) and NINE more big ones to color yourself. Yes every one of the pictures has a story with it... so you can make a lovely story-book! Mother can get a box of CRAYOLA Crayons at any stationery or department store if you haven't them now.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.
41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Binney & Smith Co., 41 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C.
Enclosed is 25¢ for "Ten Stories To Color". (C-3)
Name.....
Address.....

CRAYOLA

TO THE LOVELY WORLD

Oh, lovely world with your sky so blue,
God did wonders in making you—
Your fields so green and your brooks so clear,
Your laughing months and your happy year,

The birds and the flowers,
The hill and tree,
And sunshine above me.
Oh, beautiful world, I love thee.

HAZEL GOODWIN,
Age 11. Chicago, Ill.

JEAN RUTH BEAMER AND BROTHER

Dear "Child Life":

I certainly enjoy your magazine. I am going to tell you of a trip we took.

We started from West Union, Iowa and went straight to Cheyenne, Wyoming and got our first glimpse of the snow-capped Rockies. They certainly were beautiful. We also went to the government air port, and saw the big mail planes come in.

Then we went south to Denver and Colorado Springs and saw Pikes Peak, Royal Gorge, and Seven Falls, where Helen Hunt Jackson is buried; the Cave of the Winds, with many stalactites and stalagmites; and the Garden of the Gods. Then we went farther south into New Mexico and at Taos (pronounced as Tows) went to the Pueblo Indian reservation. We went over to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River which is a mile deep and one of the seven wonders of the world.

Then we went straight to Long Beach, California. Just out of Hollywood we saw Sue Carol, Dixey Lee and Monte Blue. Then we went to Gay's lion farm which was very interesting and saw Numa, the motion picture lion, that played in "The Circus" with Charlie Chaplin. Then we went down to San Diego and saw "Ramona's Marriage Place" and saw about one hundred big destroyers in the harbor.

Then we went down to Tia Juana, Mexico, which is very different from the United States.

Then we went up among the Redwoods, then still farther north to San Francisco. We went to Chinatown in San Francisco and at Golden Gate Park we rode the elephants. We made a side trip to Sacramento and saw the original Sutters fort and Daddy took me on one of the gold dredgers, which was very interesting.

Then we went up to Crater Lake in Oregon which was an ancient volcano and is 2,000 feet deep. From there we went to Spokane, Washington, and then to Yellowstone Park, then the Black Hills, then home in northeastern Iowa.

I am sending you a picture of my brother and me in one of the Japanese gardens at San Francisco.

JEAN RUTH BEAMER,
Age 12. West Union, Iowa.

Baby Experts say:

"Give All Baby's Things This Care"

Baby experts say, "It makes a big difference to a baby's comfort—*the way you wash his little garments.*

"Scratchy, shrunken woolens . . . diapers not safely washed . . . mean discomfort or actual pain to babies.

"Be very careful never to use a harsh soap in washing baby's things, for if even a bit of such soap remains in a garment, it may irritate his tender skin, cause rashes and chafing. Use only the purest, safest soap."

That is why nurses in famous clinics use Lux for *everything* of baby's—clothes, bottles, even toys.

And in doctors' own families, Lux is chosen as best. Among many doctors' wives recently interviewed, 91% said with enthusiasm—"We use Lux."

These experts know that Lux contains none of the harmful alkali found in so many soaps—cannot ever cause the least bit of irritation to baby's rose-petal skin. And with Lux, there's no rubbing to shrink and harshen wee woolens!

ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 136)

never quite sure, for the next day was full of fascinating surprises, too.

Bears! Big bears, little bears, and middle sized ones kept begging for sugar. They would stop their automobile every chance they could get. And it was *such* fun to feed them. Then the ride itself, through the great forests and over mountains 8,000 feet high was thrilling. When they came to the beautiful big Yellowstone Lakes high up in the mountains Robert gave a shout. "You can have your bears—though they *are* fun. I'm going out fishing in that boat!"

"Me, too!" answered Ruth and the rest of the day they caught trout and watched the pelicans catch them, too—and had some big fish stories to take home with them.

"And now for the climax!" said Uncle Tom on their third day in 'Nature's Wonderland'," as they rode along the Yellowstone River and past the Upper Falls and then the Lower Falls—which were twice as high as Niagara and very wonderful. "Here's the Grand Canyon, Bob. Better read up on it."

So Robert found that the canyon was sometimes 2,000 feet wide at the top and 200 feet wide at the bottom and 1,200 feet deep. But when he actually saw the marvelous carving on the walls and the dozen lusterous tints he was too awed to speak of mere facts and figures.

"I'll never use up words like *wonderful* and *gorgeous* again on small things," said Ruth, after she had watched the jade green river far, far below crawl in and out the flaming canyon just at sunset. "There are no words left for something like this."

And the others agreed with her.

"Now let's go down *my* trail to the foot of the Falls," said Uncle Tom. "This trail really is called Uncle Tom's Trail, you know!"

The children laughed. "Then Artist's Point is mine and Inspiration Point is Ruth's!" retorted Robert. "Oh, let's stay here all summer!"

But there was a thrill a minute on the Cody Road that took them away from these wonders, for this was Buffalo Bill's road and led dizzily up and down by Sylvan Pass, by mountains, forests (where they saw some moose), rivers and waterfalls to his hunting Lodge at Pahaska and to his great bronze

(Continued on page 143)

(Advertisement)

Look for this Trade Mark on every shoe

PIED Junior PIPER

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

World's Greatest Health Shoes

Smart New High and Low Styles in all leathers for children 1 to 4 years

Protecting Precious Little Feet

GIVE your baby's tender feet the right start. It is SO important when one considers the great harm wrong shoes will do. In Pied Piper Shoes every bone and muscle of the child's foot is allowed correct growth. Doctors, Health Boards and careful mothers endorse their 9 patented construction features that prevent lumps, stiffness, ridges, wrinkled linings, pinching or binding.

Send for Attractive Style Folder

Fill out and mail the coupon below and we will send the "Story of the Pied Piper," an entertaining book for the children, together with the beautiful Pied Piper Style Folder and name of nearest dealer.

MARATHON SHOE CO.
Wausau, Wisconsin
Exclusive Mfrs., Pied Piper Shoes

Mail this coupon and get "Story of the Pied Piper." **FREE**

Marathon Shoe Co., Wausau, Wisconsin. (C-6)
Please send Pied Piper Junior Style folder, name of nearest dealer and illustrated "Story of the Pied Piper."

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Kingsbury "Golden Arrow" 21 in. long. $3.

FASTEST CAR in the WORLD
Copied Toy Size

Get this sensational toy—exact model of Major Segrave's famous car that broke the world's record at 231.5 miles an hour. Life-like in every detail. Built all of steel. Gleaming gold bronze finish, like original. Extra high speed clock-steel racing motor. Real Dunlop rubber tires. 21 in. long. $3. (West of Miss. $3.30). Also the Sunbeam and Bluebird Racers $3.00 each. If your dealer cannot supply you, send your order to us.

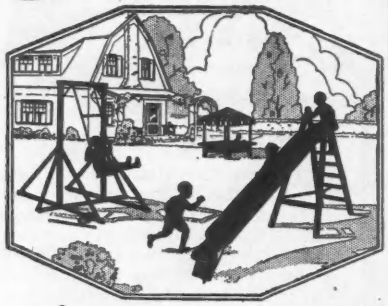
KINGSBURY MFG. CO., 80C Myrtle St., Keene, N. H.

Send 10c for this novel eraser. It's a steel disc wheel with a "balloon" tire of solid eraser rubber. Nothing else quite like it. All your friends will want one. Set of four, 35c.

KINGSBURY MOTOR DRIVEN TOYS

FREE! Wonderful novelty — moviescope. Twirl the leaves in your hands and it unreels a motion picture of a thrilling airplane flight. Also shows all kinds of the most life-like toys you ever saw. Send today.

Safe! In Their Own Yard



MERREMAKER

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Complete Home Playground Equipment

Give your children all the advantages of a playground right at home, safe in your own home yard. The invigorating, healthful, muscle-building exercise they get on Merremaker Home Playground Equipment will build sturdy bodies and keen, alert minds.

Doctors, educators, civic leaders and physical directors endorse and approve this natural means of keeping children happy, healthy and contented. They need four to five hours of outdoor play every day, and the home yard is the place for them to get it, safe from the dangerous street motor traffic.

Exceptionally Low Prices

Merremaker Home Playground Equipment has long been the leader in the field. Many fine pieces of play apparatus are included in the Merremaker Line, and they can either be used individually or arranged in groups. A high standard of quality is maintained, and Merremaker Playgrounds will last for years. The price of this equipment is exceptionally low.

Send the coupon below for beautifully illustrated complete catalog of Merremaker Home Playground Equipment and nearest dealer's name.

The Merremaker Corporation
746 Eighth Street S. E.
Minneapolis, Minn.

This Beautiful Catalog FREE

THE MERREMAKER CORP.
746 Eighth Street S. E.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your *Free* complete catalog of Merremaker Home Playground Equipment and name of nearest dealer.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....(CL-3-30)

Dear Miss Waldo:

We live in Mozart Park. It is very nice up on the hill. There are so many things to do.

We have a dog, a cat, a bowl of goldfish and pigeons.

Sincerely yours,
SARA ELIZABETH BENEKE,
Age 8. Wheeling, W. Va.
Mozart Park.

SARA E. BENEKE

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have a lamb named Betty. Mother says she is a little tinker because she eats the flowers and bushes. I got her when she was about two weeks old. I raised her on a bottle. She would not take any other because we bought her others and she would not take them. She would just sniff at them.

I have a turtle named Flopper and about ten pigeons and one young one. I think it will be all white like the mother. If it is I will have three white pigeons. The mother's name is Biddy. I got her about two years ago.

I am sending you a picture of Betty and me.

Your friend,
GRETCHEN A. FONDA,
Age 10. Cohoes, N. Y.

GRETCHEN FONDA

MARCH WINDS

March winds, blow!
You're calling, oh,
For baby violets
To grow!

Age 9 JIM ROLFE
Chicago

CALVERT—
the School for the Youngest Generation

THOUSANDS of mothers are teaching their children the Calvert way . . . in the wholesome surroundings of their own homes.

At the famous Calvert Day School records have been kept for 32 years of methods which best appeal to pupils. These successful methods are used in the home study courses. They make children eager to learn . . . teaching so simple any one can do it. "Mary's progress under the Calvert School has been phenomenal," writes a happy Rhode Island mother.

Starting with the kindergarten, Calvert Courses prepare for high school. They are credited by our best secondary schools. Missionaries, diplomats, particular parents in this country are teaching their children this better way.

Courses are priced so every child can enjoy their advantages. Write for information.

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Do You
KNOW
when the children are ill?
They can't tell you accurately—
Tycos can!
A Tycos Fever Thermometer is a necessity in the home where there are children. Its warnings are positive and easy to read. In children's ailments, time is an important factor, and an early call for the doctor may save much anxiety and worry.
Your nearest drug store probably carries reliable Tycos Fever Thermometers. Get one today and be prepared.
An interesting illustrated booklet, "Childhood, Youth, & Old Age" is yours for the asking. Write today.
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Ask for Century SHEET MUSIC

The richest child is poor without Musical Training.

SAY "CENTURY" and get the best Certified Music. It's 15c (20c in Canada). Most teachers use it. Parents appreciate the saving and the pupil gets the best. Get free catalog of 2500 selections at your dealers, or write us.

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Swan design nursery furniture in ivory, green and orange. In sets or separate pieces. Low cost. Catalog 59 shows famous National Champion Porch Gates, Play-yards, Swan Furniture, etc. Write today for free copy.

HOLMQUIST-SWANSON CO. 4848 Thomas St. Chicago

FOR FIFTY YEARS
Cuticura
Soap and Ointment
have afforded the purest, sweetest and most satisfactory method of caring for the skin and hair.

Dear Miss Waldo:

We live out here on a ranch in the north of Coahuila in Mexico. It is lots of fun going horseback riding every day. I know English, Spanish, and German.

We had a revolution down here in Mexico. We hid our horses from the bandits and during that time we had to ride donkeys. It was a disagreeable feeling to think that every moment a bunch of bandits might come and take away our cattle. One time thirty-two rebels were in the neighborhood, but the soldiers got hold of them. We once had fifty rebels on our ranch.

Age 9. SENTA VON KNOOP

MY TRIP TO TEN LAKES

Ten Lakes are in the Yosemite National Park in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We have a summer cabin in this park, named Aspen Valley.

To go to Ten Lakes, we had to hire horses. We had to have a guide but we didn't need one. We started from a resort a few miles up the road. We had to ride in ten miles before we got to Ten Lakes.

When we got just about there we came out on a sort of a cliff where we could look to three of the lakes named: Hart Lake, Frozen Lake and the other lake which didn't have any name. It was the lake we camped on. I caught two fish that night. On our way back we stopped and ate our lunch on the stream that makes the beautiful Yosemite Falls.

GEORGE GRAY,
Age 9. Oakdale, Calif.

GEORGE GRAY

ADVERTISING LAND

(*Continued from page 141*)

statue and museum at Cody.

Robert ended up his wonder list with this and with the freakish shaped rocks along the Cody Road—the ones that looked like Mutt and Jeff, and Punch and Judy, and even Henry Ford driving a model T.

But it was Ruth who won the prize—the pair of the cutest burros that ever balked (Robert's booby prize was the cart for them to ride in), for she added one wonder that Robert had left out.

"It's the train—the Yellowstone Park Comet, and it's a wonder, too," she said. "For it's so comfortable (even has bath tubs), and it goes the quickest way to one of the most fascinating places in the world!"

(Advertisement)

The Puzzle Man

wants a kodak picture of every boy and girl who likes PUZZLES. If you send it to him he will send you some lovely colored pictures—FREE.

The PUZZLE MAN will tell you all about his new Puzzle-a-month Club too. It means lots of fun for both big boys and girls and little boys and girls. Just fill out the coupon below and send in your kodak picture.

If your favorite dealer does not sell MADMAR PUZZLES, we will supply you direct.

MADMAR QUALITY CO.
Utica, N. Y.

The PUZZLE MAN
Madmar Quality Company, Utica, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Puzzle Man: I want you to send me some lovely colored pictures FREE. I'm enclosing a kodak picture of myself. Tell me about the Puzzle-a-month Club and send me your new illustrated catalog Free, too.

Name .....

Address .....

Sure, you bet it will fly!

No, it won't dive like a nail. There isn't a nail in her. She's put together with LePage's Glue—stronger than nails where nails won't do, and adds less weight.

Sure! The handiest tool in the work shop. LePage's Liquid Glue. Always ready for use, whatever it is you're making. Good cabinet makers and mechanics always use LePage's in making joints, even if they also use nails or screws. Stands 3000 lbs. shearing strain per square inch. Stronger than the fibers of the wood it joins.

LE PAGE'S GLUE

Mothers Keep FIT!

WHEN household cares keep you indoors remember that cod-liver oil is a substitute for sunshine. Doctors recommend it as a wonderful winter food-tonic. Take it the pleasant, easy way—Scott's Emulsion. Pure Norwegian cod-liver oil whipped into a cream. Pleasantly flavored. Easy to swallow. Easy to digest. Start today—every day counts in fighting down winter ailments.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
A FOOD AND TONIC TOO
Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 29-E

The JACK & JILL TIME UTILIZER

MODERN MOTHERS APPROVE!

Progressive mothers everywhere have acclaimed the Jack and Jill Time Utilizer as a unique and ingenious method indispensible for the proper training of children. Fascinates and intrigues. Inculcates in the child's mind the importance of utilizing spare time for useful purposes.

The Jack and Jill Time Utilizer Outfit consists of an 18 x 24 inch Home Bulletin and full instructions with instructions and suggestions how to apply this plan. All sent postpaid for $2.00. Special decorated Jack and Jill Duty board in 4 colors sent postpaid for $3.50. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE JACK & JILL TIME UTILIZER CO.
246 Fifth Ave. Dept. 210 New York

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HOUSATONIC CAMP
CANAAN, CONNECTICUT
Foothills of the Berkshires
65 boys and girls, 5½ to 13
Specially trained counselors in charge of campers. Living, working, playing together. Training in enriched quietness and individual poise.
Training in creative activities and social adjustment.
LAURA B. GARRETT
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Tel. Stillwell 7623

CAMP NEECARNIS
For girls 10-16. Located on one of the most beautiful inland lakes in Northern Michigan. Riding, swimming and all outdoor sports. A friendly camp with carefully selected membership. Season July 2nd to August 27th. Fee $350, no extras Illustrated Catalog. Miss Edith E. Holt, 39 Fitch Place, S.E., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

BRYN AFON
FOR GIRLS—*13th Season*
Roosevelt, Wisconsin
Private Lake. All Land and Water Sports. Kentucky Horses. Craft Studio. Screened Cabins. Hot and Cold Showers. Staff of 35 College Graduates. Physician, nurse and Dietitian. Booklet.
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IDYLE WYLD
A Progressive Camp for Girls
On Chain of 27 lakes. 14th season. All camp activities. French Conversation. Many trips by canoe, horseback, truck and motor boat. College graduate staff: doctor and nurse. Enroll early. Write:
MRS. L. A. BISHOP
Three Lakes -:- Wisconsin

OUR SERVICE

The CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education, is assisting a great many parents in the selection of the right Camp or School for their childdren.

If you are undecided about a Camp or School to which to send your boy or girl, we are sure our Service will be helpful.

Write to:

CHILD LIFE *Bureau of Education*
536 S. Clark St. Chicago

A Camp or School for Your Child

If you desire information regarding a school or camp for your boy or girl fill in the coupon below.

CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

☐ I am interested in camp ☐ School

Name of Parent .....
Address .....
Age of Child .....
Sex .....
Location Preferred .....
Approximate Fee .....
Special Features .....
.....
.....

GOOD CITIZEN'S LEAGUE

[*Continued from page 133*]

Honor Points

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of members who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you may record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. If a teacher or other grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, these papers are turned in to her and she sends us the list of her members, with the number of points she thinks each one deserves. Send your March list in time to reach our office by April 5th.

Any good deed that you record will count—for instance, anything that you do to help someone else at home, at school, or elsewhere. Following is a list of special good citizenship deeds, which we suggest that you do for March.

1. I learned the names of the Presidents of the United States.
2. I read about one of the Presidents.
3. I read about another of the Presidents.
4. I read about a third President.
5. I read about one of President Washington's inaugurations.
6. I read about one of President Lincoln's inaugurations.
7. I read about the inauguration of another President.
8. I learned how the President is elected.
9. I made a list of five of the duties of the President.
10. I looked up the pictures of the first five Presidents and learned to recognize them.
11. I learned to recognize the pictures of the second five Presidents.
12. I learned to recognize the pictures of the third five Presidents.
13. I learned to recognize the pictures of the fourth five Presidents.
14. I learned to recognize the pictures of the fifth five Presidents.
15. I learned to recognize the pictures of the last six Presidents.
16. I wrote a short composition on my favorite President and told why I liked him best.

Other good citizenship deeds may be substituted for those above, if necessary, and of course you will add others of your own. *Remember, you must record one or more deeds on twenty-five different days during the month, in order to have your name on the honor roll.*

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils of your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for them.

Address all inquires to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

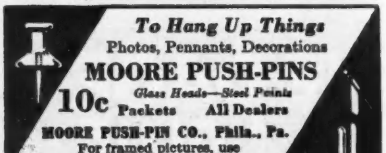
(The December Honor Roll will be published in the next issue.)

Accept with our compliments a generous sample of this delicious, nourishing cereal. Simply send us name and address and grocer's name. It's the wheat cereal flavored with caramel malt that medical authorities endorse. Your children will love its walnut-like flavor. Cooks quickly. Makes many tasty dishes. Write today.
CAMPBELL CEREAL CO.
Northfield Minnesota

A CEREAL YOU'LL ENJOY

Use Q-Tips Swabs for Safety
Don't risk injuring delicate tissues. Cleanse baby's eyes, ears, nose and navel with sanitary Q-Tips Swabs. No sharp points. Tipped at both ends with soft, boric-dipped twists of sterilized cotton. Many uses for adults, such as applying antiseptics to cuts and bruises. In handy dust-proof packages, 25c and 50c everywhere, or write, Dept. 22, Q-TIPS, Inc., 32 East 31st Street, New York.
Q-TIPS BABY GAYS

CHILDREN'S COUGHS and COLDS.
For 50 years mothers have used Vapo-Cresolene to quickly relieve children's coughs, colds, whooping cough and spasmodic croup. Drugless and antiseptic.
Booklet No. 573 Mailed Free
Vapo-Cresolene Co.
62 Cortlandt St., New York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MOORE PUSH-PINS
Glass Heads—Steel Points
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For framed pictures, use Moore Push-less Hangers

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Send for pictures. Also dog remedies.
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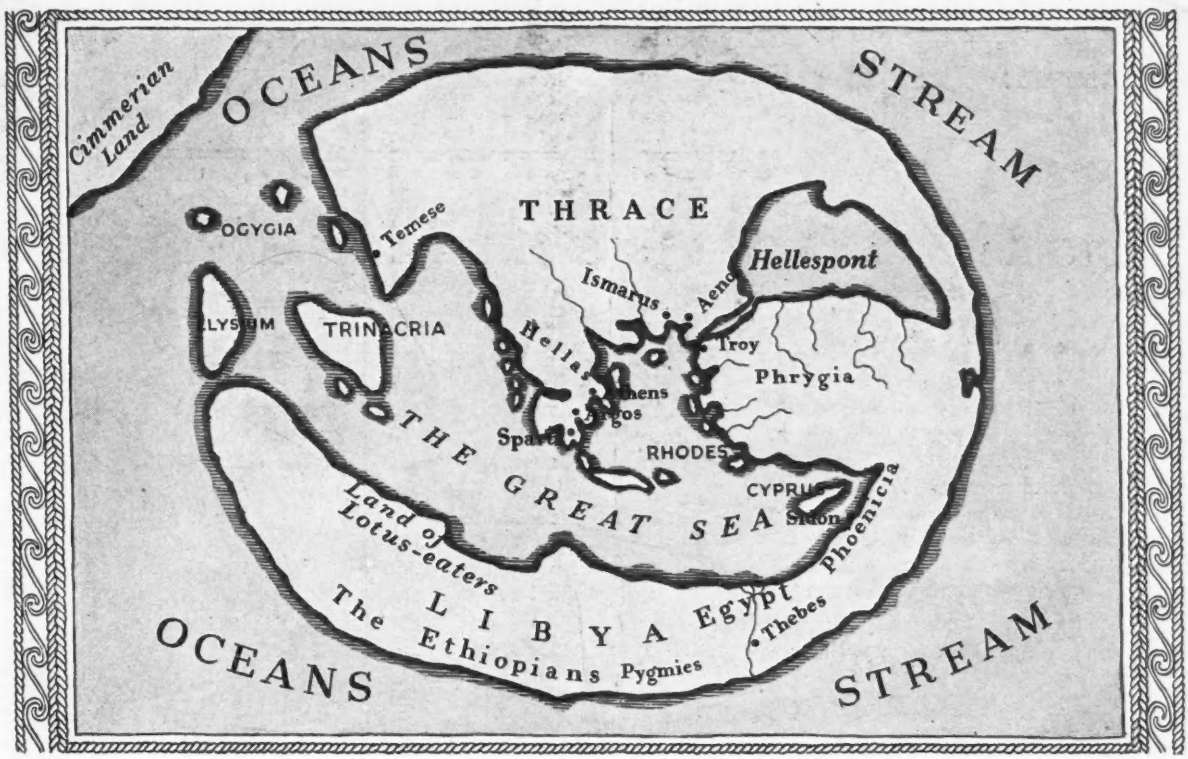
Notice to Joy Givers

Contributions intended for the Joy Givers' department of the June issue of "Child Life" will be received in this office up to and not later than March 30.



Homer, too, had his "WORLD"!

HE lived his life in rocky Chios, back in 900 B. C., Homer, the blind beggar, trading immortal songs for bread.

Yet, with none of our modern knowledge of this planet, he had his own definite conception of the world we live in!

The earth for him was a disc, or circular plain, bounded by one all-embracing river "Ocean." On the circumference of this disc rested the solid metal vault of the firmament. And beneath, the corresponding vault of Tartarus.

Man's ideas have changed quite a bit since then. But thinkers today still like to view the world as a whole, to project themselves into parts of the globe other than their own.

That's why all truly cultivated men and women find the study of maps so fascinating. They help you transport yourself at will. Instantly surround yourself with a complete new set of realities. Refreshing, stimulating!

You'll find that good maps have all the profitable charm of the best books. And you cannot start too soon to cultivate the habit of reading them often. Put them in your children's hands now!

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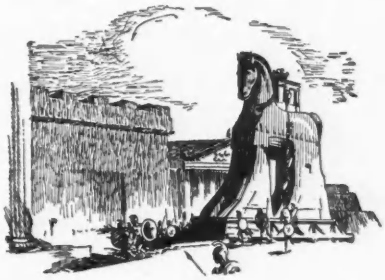
And the habit of precision down to the last minute detail, acquired in the making of quality maps, marks every one of Rand McNally & Company's many activities.



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Learning to read is a thrilling experience

. . . *thanks to the* Sunbonnet Babies!

LEARNING to read"—a portentous process! It opens the way to fairyland . . . to the knowledge of Man . . . to the beauties of literature. Such a process should be a joy, a promise of wonders to come. Learning to read *should* be a thrilling experience . . . and thanks to the Sunbonnet Babies, it *is*. Their books make glorious fun of what might easily be an irksome task.

For the bright-colored pictures of these bonneted maidens that liven every page have a never-ending appeal for youngsters. They create a strong desire to know more about them: What are they doing? What are they saying?

The stories and rimes are there in simple words, short sentences, large, inviting type. With the Sunbonnet Babies to urge them on, little boys and girls learn to read in no time. And what fun it is! A truly thrilling experience.

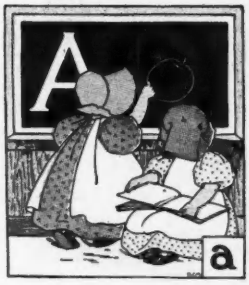
Give your children these Sunbonnet Babies Books and stimulate an early love for reading.

BOOKS FOR YOUNGEST READERS

The Sunbonnet Babies Books

(To be read *to* ages 4-6; *by* ages 6-8)
By Eulalie Osgood Grover
Illustrated by Bertha Corbett Melcher

These are simple rimes and stories for children who are just beginning to read. Printed in very large, clear type, and illustrated in color on nearly every page, they have been popular with boys and girls for many years.



THE SUNBONNET BABIES A B C BOOK. With gay jingles and bright pictures, this "modern horn-book" makes the task of learning the letters a joy.

THE SUNBONNET BABIES BOOK. Now in its twenty-eighth year, this book has made the Sunbonnet Babies known and loved the world over.

THE SUNBONNET BABIES IN MOTHER GOOSE LAND. The Sunbonnet twins tour Mother Goose Land and hear its famous inhabitants recite their rimes.

PRICE **$1.00** EACH

Buy these SUNBONNET BABIES BOOKS at your nearest bookstore. Or, if not obtainable there, send your order to the publisher, enclosing 7 cents extra per book to cover postage.

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Dept. M-3

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